

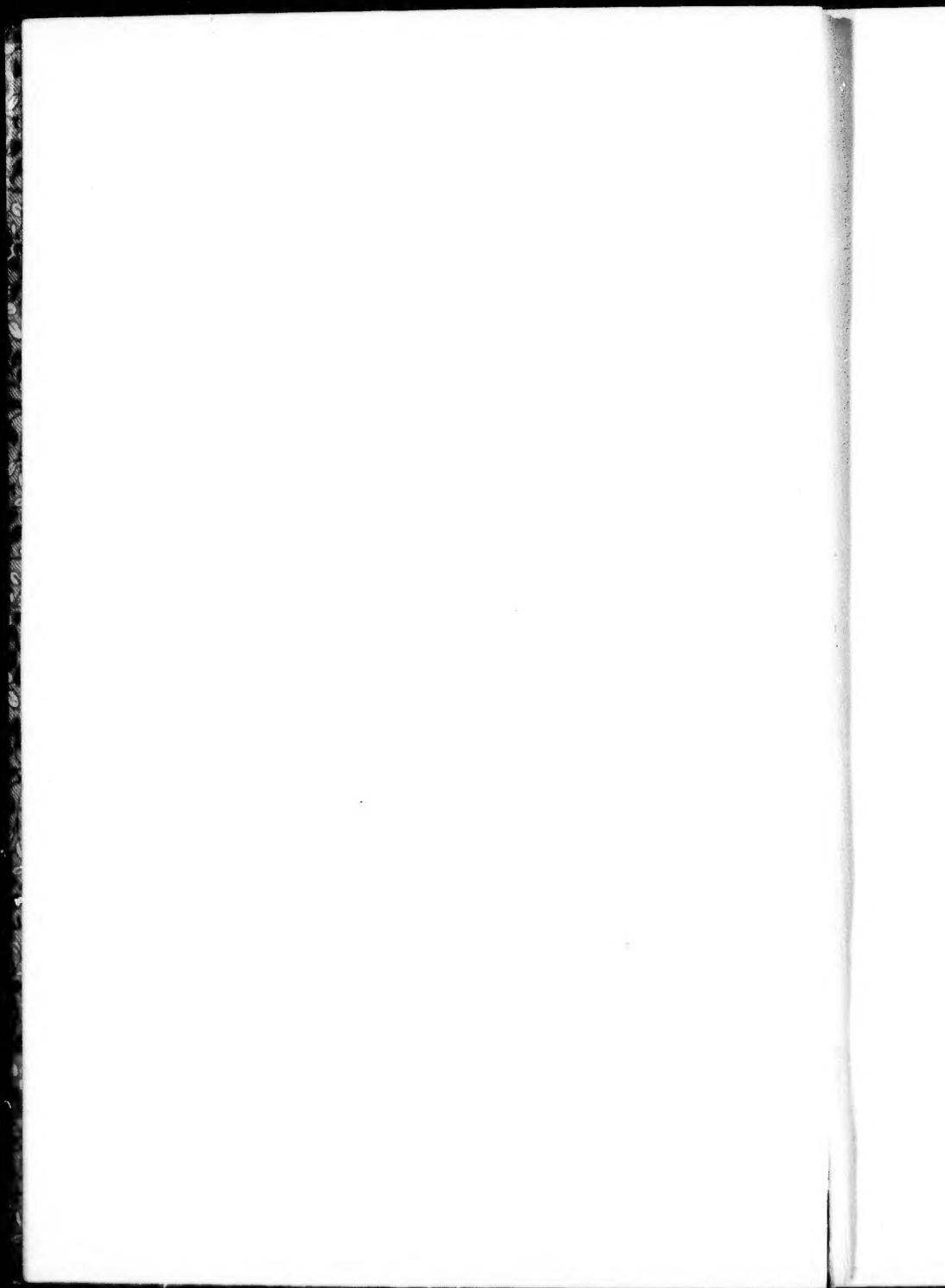
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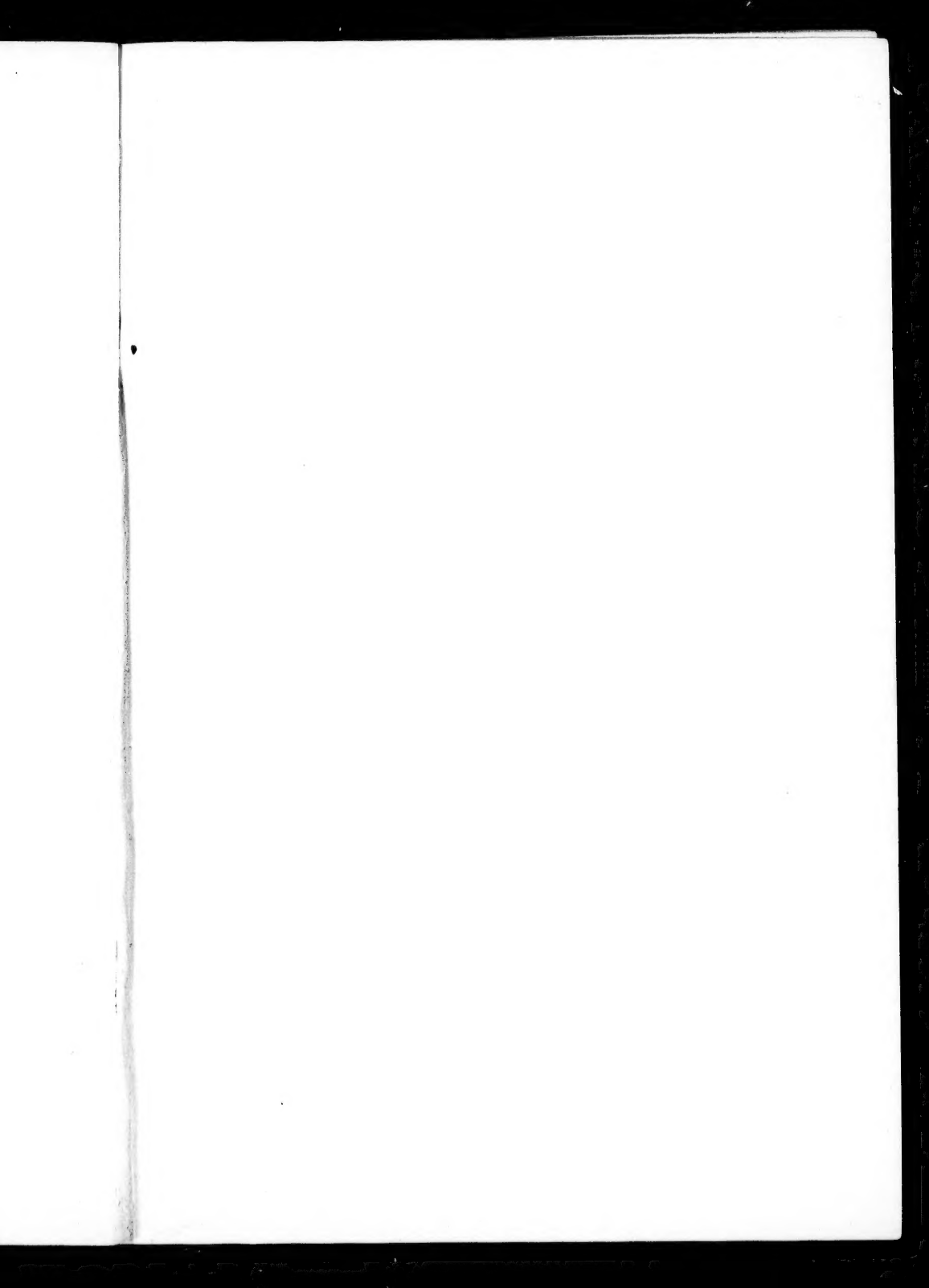
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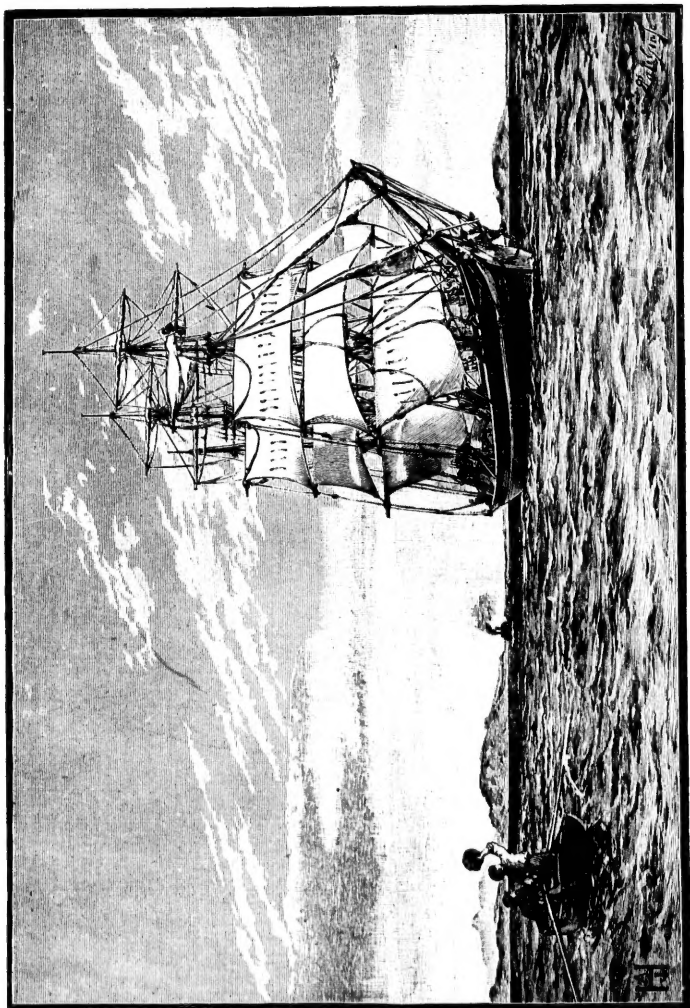
The author

Jessie M. E. Sasley
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WEST-NOR'-WEST.





"GOOD-BYE TO SCOTLAND."

[Frontispiece.]

"GOOD-BYE TO SCOTLAND."

[Frontispiece.

H. W. J. S. T.



WEST-NOR'-WEST.

BY

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LADS OF LUNDA," "THE YARL'S YACHT,"
"THE HOME OF A NATURALIST," "GLAMOUR FROM ARGYLLSHIRE"
"CONSTABLE A 1," "SALLIE'S BOY," ETC.

West-nor'.West! *There* is hope, there is freedom and wealth;
There our kindred are reaping the harvest of health;
There a new Land rewards all who come on fair quest;
There a far greater Scotland awaits. To the West!

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

MDCCCXC.

Dedicated
(WITH PERMISSION)

TO

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE,

WHO HAS TAUGHT BRITONS TO LOOK WITH PRIDE AND HOPE
UPON THEIR GREATER BRITAIN OF THE WEST.

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Good-bye to Scotland.



ON BOARD THE ALLAN LINER *Norwegian*.

THE holy hills of Scotland,
With sunset glories crowned,
Look from familiar places
Upon us outward-bound.
They stand like olden prophets
To bless our ocean-way,
And with a tender reverence
Receive what we would say.

O holy hills of Scotland,
Our path is o'er the sea,
To where a greater Scotland
Is growing grand and free ;
To where a Land of Promise
Gives hope to every one
Who names yon new Dominion
Their country's noble son.

But, holy hills of Scotland,
Your royal peaks rise high
Around the homes of childhood,
Within your shadows lie
The kirks where we were christened,
Our honoured fathers' graves :—
The spell ye cast upon us
Engirdles like the waves.

GOOD-BYE TO SCOTLAND.

And, holy hills of Scotland,
The sun that shines on you,
The God whom Scotsmen honour,
The faith that keeps them true,
"Noblesse oblige" of country,
Dear love of early home,
The name and fame of Scotland
Go with us o'er the foam.

Thus, holy hills of Scotland,
We carry to the West
An influence very sacred,
A blessing that makes blest ;
To Canada we carry
Old Scotia's might and light ;
So, trustfully and tenderly,
We bid her hills "Good-night."

THE BRITON'S HIGHWAY.

IF America could be got at by roads, over hills, and through glens—though the road were ten times as long as the ocean highway—the starving crowds of our cities and over-populated islands would soon find their way to the fallow prairies and teeming mountains of the West. Hundreds, indeed thousands, of our home-folk are deterred from emigrating to Canada by fears connected with the ocean journey.

Naturally, that which they do not know, or comprehend, they dread.

I wish I could explain to all those stayers-at-home how the dangers and discomforts of a long ocean journey have been surmounted by science, and our sea-path made smooth.

Business made it imperative that I should cross the Atlantic with the least possible delay, by the first vessel leaving Glasgow, and that an emigrant ship.

Thus I found myself, on the 26th May 1888, on board the Allan Liner *Norwegian*.

I was travelling alone, and had never made a long journey before; but no sooner had we cleared the quay at Glasgow than I found myself among a kind and

courteous company of "friends"—never seen before that hour, but always to be remembered with gratitude.

What a strange sensation—strange, yet familiar to us all—is produced when a great ship bears us from the land! As I leaned over the vessel's side to cast some flowers to the "boys" waving good-bye, it seemed they who were receding from me, not I who was being borne from them. All the way till we were off Greenock, it seemed as though the ship were stationary and everything else in motion. But later my impression changed. When "she" was off, the throb of her mighty motive-power pulsing through all her bulk, and the hills of Scotland lessening behind her, I realised that it was "she" who was moving—not the dear old land.

The *Norwegian* is not a large vessel, but none the worse for that, and a fair sample of the emigrant ship. She is fitted up especially for "intermediates."

The classes that travel intermediate are chiefly artisans, the families of aspiring tradespeople, single young gentlemen of education and good birth following fortune, girls in search of employment, and newly married couples with small means, anxious to begin life under better auspices than possible to them in Scotland.

The greater number of our party were going to the cities to prosecute their trades; only a few seemed to have made up their minds to try farming. Many had no definite plan, but were merely going out to friends, who had settled in Canada, "to try it."

These were the intermediates. The greater number

of the steerage passengers seemed to have no fixed plan beyond earning a living, putting their hands to any job that came first, hoping everything, trusting the future. They had most vague ideas regarding Canada, and scarcely a shilling in their pockets beyond what was needful for travelling expenses. I thought they were like the beasts and birds who "seek their food from God;" and I must confess I was deeply touched by the faith exhibited by those simple folk. I conversed with many. They had had "hard times at home," but that had not shaken their trust in Providence: so they had gone forth without fear, never doubting.

The accommodation on board was wonderfully comfortable and airy, kept clean and tidy by an efficient staff of attendants. The men's quarters were on one side, the women's on the other; but there were family cabins also. There was plenty of freedom allowed to all, but at the same time a rigid discipline was maintained. The *Norwegian* is a "temperance ship." Her captain headed the list of total abstainers, and I am sure the fact added greatly to the confidence of the passengers. The food provided was very good indeed, and in absolute abundance. Altogether there is as little peril and much more pleasure in an Allan Liner than there is in the train between Edinburgh and London.

I cannot understand the false sentiment, or foolish fear, which keeps so many people in Britain, struggling, starving, when such facilities for emigration are offered, and an ocean highway to a great land has been made so safe and so pleasant. I almost venture to call that

reluctance to leave overcrowded localities a criminal disregard of God's command that men should go forth and replenish the earth.

I had never before that voyage been so far at sea as to lose sight of land all round, and I had imagined that there would be an awesome feeling when I should behold nothing but a limitless expanse of ocean and a great boundless sky.

I was much disappointed.

The Atlantic rollers did not strike me with the awe and wonder I had expected. When the sun was not shining on the waves it seemed as if our ship were cutting her way through a solid body—solid and metallic in appearance.

Then the sky seemed to close quite near around us—a fairy curtain wondrously wrought and coloured, dropping into the sea on every side within a little way of our ship—but leaving no field for speculating upon “vast unpeopled space.”

Then our ship felt such a great strong creature cleaving her way through the water in such a safe simple manner. The majesty of nature and the power of man seemed to have reversed their usual positions in my mind, and it was not a pleasant “unfixing” to one who has ever been a devout nature worshipper.

Our skipper comforted me by the assurance that I should find the sea looking anything but solid when a storm came on; and that our cloud-curtains indicated his “pet aversion”—fogs off Newfoundland. Just so.

One day we had a little “toss” just by way of letting

us see what old ocean was really made of. No women appeared on deck that afternoon except a very few bold spirits. The captain put my chair in a sheltered nook, lashing it to a rail, so that I might not slide across decks when "she" pitched; and I greatly enjoyed watching the changes upon the face of the deep—changes familiar enough to me though that was my first voyage "far far at sea;" for we Shetlanders on our rocks get much the same feel about ocean, and acquaintance with it, that folk on board ship have.

I was allowed the run of the ship, and must acknowledge that I took every advantage of my privilege, making friends with the steerage passengers for'rard, joining the amusements of the intermediates, taking walks with the skipper, and lessons in chess from the chief engineer. We were a very social and good-natured crew. Everybody seemed anxious to be helpful and agreeable to some one else. I do not know if our tempers and amiable traits would have been the same if a storm had come on, but as things were the voyage was in every respect a dream of delight.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Allan I was allowed a cabin in the officers' quarters—as the *Norwegian* had no regular accommodation for saloon passengers. Thus I enjoyed a "retreat" as roomy and more quiet than if I had been on board one of the floating palaces of Liverpool, or London.

Near me was "located" an old couple in whom I was greatly interested. They were very willing that

I should use their experience as an encouragement to others, so I here give a little bit of their story.

They left Glasgow forty-seven years ago, a young pair, with one baby, and "not a cent, sure as can be."

By industry and carefulness and "canny" farming they had secured what the good old man called "a competency, and ye can make *that* what figure ye like."

They had married off, and settled around them, seven sons and two daughters; and having retired from active life, had come over to see the Exhibition in "auld Glaskee."

But the gentle old dame pined for her forty-one grandchildren in Minnesota, so they cut short their trip, and were hastening home again when I had the pleasure of meeting them on board the *Norwegian*.

They were proud of the old land, fond of it too; but America had become home—the happy home they had made for themselves, where the visible reward of Heaven had descended upon pious faith and honest endeavour.

The new railway, binding Canada more closely and equally to the United States (from a commercial point of view) runs through a part of the old man's land, and he—being observant and shrewd in a high degree—had much to say that was of interest and weight regarding the relations between the two countries.

Perhaps I ought to mention here a regulation lately made, that no one is to be allowed to pass into Canada and the United States who has not been vaccinated within seven years!

If the emigrant cannot prove that the thing has been done, he is put in quarantine and vaccinated "whether or no."

It is an excellent law, but does not seem to be widely known, consequently our doctor had his hands full!

All submitted good-humouredly except one man, who held out until the quarantine boat was alongside. Emigrants should have this done before leaving home, and so avoid the discomfort of vaccination when reaching the new land.

There is something rather trying to a person who hates routine in the exact method and rule of ship-life.

After the first two days of "clock-work" I began to desire mightily that meals would not appear to the minute, that somebody would break the law or a bone.

I even hoped for a storm, and kept a keen look-out for mermaids and sea-serpents. Nothing happened, and before the voyage was ended I quite enjoyed the order and method of our sea life. I became possessed of a ravenous hunger, and blessed the stewards who so punctually set good meals before me. I began to realise how truly "good habits are secondary religion," and that it is a very good habit indeed to be under the laws of method and routine.

Need I say how—in spite of the pleasures of our voyage—we looked for land, and hailed it with mingled feelings of pleasure and wonder?

No words could express our admiration of the noble Gulf of St. Lawrence, which opens wide its arms to give

the ocean-wanderers welcome to the new land; then draws them by winding silvery ways to anchor beside the stately walls of old Quebec.

There the Allan Company handed us over to the Canadian Government, and we regretfully bade good-bye to the *Norwegian*.

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ON THE "C. P. R."

—O—O—O—

My first impression upon landing on the other side of the Atlantic was—"What a hurry everybody is in! They look as if they expected to be cut off in the prime of their days, and required to cram into a decade the work of a century." The next thought I had was—"What utter idiots Britain must be sending in shoals to America, if one may judge from the questions put and the directions given by officials."

Plainly the best thing one could do was to appear as ineane as the other idiots, and leave one's self helplessly in official hands. The arrangements for assisting and forwarding incompetent strangers are perfect, and the order which a Canadian official can evoke from chaos is simply an effort of genius unknown to British road-and-rail-men.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is a "great institution," and considering that it is a new track through a wild land, it *is* a marvel.

But it may be well that folks at home, accustomed to the comforts of our railroads, should be prepared for some of the inconveniences they must meet crossing the Dominion by the "C. P. R."

When we left our good ship at Quebec we were taken in hand by a Government official, and soon found ourselves in the cars which we were told would take us straight through without change.

We expected to leave at once, but hour followed hour, and we sat there waiting. The why and wherefore of delay we could not ascertain, and I suppose never shall. There was some grumbling among the emigrants, for had they known the hour of leaving they would have employed the interval in seeing a little of Quebec, and in visiting friends in the city.

At last we started, and then each prepared to make himself at home, expecting that car to *be* home for some days. Packages were unpacked, beds arranged, babies undressed, &c., &c. At dusk we drew near St. Martin's, and as we neared the station a man came through the cars calling—"All for Winnipeg change here." Consternation! Out of the cars hurried, as best we might, those of our ship's company who were going to the West-nor'-West.

We were set down on a cheerless railway station, and off went the train. How long we were to remain we did not know, and no person at the place seemed to know. We thought then of procuring food (those of us who had understood we should get all we wanted on the cars, but found we must pay not less than three shillings for every meal, and that the dining-car accompanied us only over certain stages—not all through); but could get nothing at the station except bread and tinned provisions at starvation prices.

Many of our party had been armed by fore-knowledge, and had brought with them everything needful for a good "feed." Spirit-lamps, tea and coffee utensils, meat, bread, fruit, Swiss milk, and so on.

Those of us who had come on ignorantly were in sorry plight. I was fortunate in having for my escort two gentlemen who had come from Scotland in the *Norwegian* with me, and into whose care our captain had consigned me. I shall never cease to be grateful for the kindness those stranger gentlemen showed me, and I often thought "what would have become of me without them?"

I do not think a woman should travel alone over such a "track," unless she breaks the journey at some of the important stages, and has good store of courage and mother-wit.

In the neighbourhood of Quebec, and while we passed through the country of French Canadians, the journey was frequently made extremely disagreeable by men walking into the cars, some drunk, all insolent, and stopping to stare at every woman—everybody, in fact, that it so pleased them to stare at.

Shortly after stopping at St. Martin's those of our ship's company who were not going to Manitoba and the further west territories left us.

I confess there was a feeling of solemnity about that parting, even though it was amid the distracting bustle of a railway station; and I was deeply touched as one after another my fellow-voyagers from Scotland shook hands and wished each other farewell.

I knew we—who had been in such close communication for a time, learning to know each other, and becoming familiar with each other's faces—should probably never meet again upon earth.

Possibly the changes of life may bring one or another within reach again; but *all* will not meet till gathered to tell the story of Time upon the shore of Eternity.

I see them now! The pale intelligent carpenter, with his bright little Irish wife, and one precious babe. The young farmer and his bride. The two timid sisters. The fussy matron and her brood. The jolly smith. The canny mason with his whole connections about him, brother, wife, bairns, father-in-law, sister. The student, the sailor, the weaver, the governess, the servant girl, the millworker. As they all passed into the cars, and we waved them a last good-bye, it was natural enough to ask, "I wonder what will come of each one?"

There was a marsh and pond by the station, and while we waited in the dusk for our train, we amused ourselves—at least one or two "boys" and myself did—with trying to catch bull-frogs and curious moths.

None of us had heard before the shrill loud call of those ridiculous frogs, but I had so often heard their music described that I had no difficulty in identifying the incessant noise they made.

When we were not hunting bull-frogs we were grumbling at the "C. P. R."; but I have since learned that ours was an exceptional experience, and that there is seldom such detention on the line.

What the Scottish Thistle objected to was being promised one thing, and given another.

"We don't mind roughing it," one of our party said; "but let us know we *are* to rough it, and then we come prepared. Don't let us be assured that all is smooth sailing, and then find that sometimes it is very much the reverse."

I mention this not from any desire to find fault—personally I was not inclined to grumble, remembering how short a time ago it is since the track of the "C. P. R." was a howling wilderness—but because the overcoloured official and "interested" reports have shaken the confidence of the British public; and they are inclined to fly to the opposite extreme, and believe that *nothing* is true which government agents or railway authorities say.

The point which seemed to require attention on the "C. P. R." is the accommodation for ladies. There certainly ought to be a compartment in every "settler's car" where a woman, if she chooses, may travel in the company of her own sex only. The gentlemen have their smoking compartment: why not concede a like luxury to the ladies?

As we left the French element behind, we thought we came among a finer people, and the further we got away from old-world civilisation the more civility we found.

Comfortable meals at reasonable rates were provided at the railway stations. The cleanliness, prompt attention, pleasant manners, were most refreshing.

There was no want of expanse about the heavens that arched over the western world, so different from what we had noticed for the first few days at sea.

The sky seemed so very far away I almost felt as if Heaven were not so near the earth when I looked up to that clear blue, whose clouds were so lucid you could see through them, and whose boundless ranges stretched so far—so far!

But the lack of our kindly grey cloud-curtains was more than compensated for by the buoyancy of spirit, the energy, the life imparted by the delicious atmosphere. One felt as if a low roof, a prison door had been swept away—that soul and body had got freedom, and a limitless region through which to fly!

I thought it would not be difficult to lose one's way in Canadian skies, as it is not difficult to get lost in more practical fashion amid Canadian woods and on Canadian prairies.

On the third day we knew we were nearing the "Greater Scotland." The physique of the people was Scottish on a large scale, their courtesy and "heartiness" an improvement on the somewhat stiff manners and too often surly bearing of stay-at-home-Scots.

Our national pride was very much gratified to find Scottish names prominent in almost every place along the main line of railway across Canada. On the largest stores, manufactories, hotels, we saw Grant, Bruce, Macdonald, Fraser, &c., plainly proving that the canny Scot is "to the fore" in that great young nation, and means to keep first place there.

I found on inquiry that Irishmen easily and speedily find their fitting sphere at the desk, on the platform, in the editor's office—wherever quick brain, superior intellect, ready speech, and fine tact are wanted.

When Canada is making herself felt as a power among the nations, and the admiring eyes of the world are turned upon her, we shall see that Irish brains have largely helped to place her in a front rank.

As we passed through towns and villages, I was very much impressed by the fact that a church (or churches) formed a conspicuous feature in each town. Even where the buildings consisted of little more than a railway station, store, wood sheds, and shanties, yet there was a House of God.

Evidently, I thought, Canada believes more in a spiritual police-force than in any kind of physical 'suasion; for military and civil police are "conspicuous through their absence," when compared with the moral-'suasion corps, whose douce garments and friendly faces one sees everywhere in the Dominion.

I met with a pleasing instance of Canadian loyalty on the line. We were examining some silver cent-pieces which we had received in exchange for our shillings and half-sovereigns, and I remarked—

"I did not know that American coinage circulated here. I thought British money would be used in Canada."

From the opposite side of the car came a voice, strong, decided, gentlemanly—"Excuse me, m dame, but ours *is* British money. We find it convenient to use

the decimal system, but we have the Queen's head as well as you. Observe the difference," and he selected from a handful of coins one with the United States stamp and one with the Canadian stamp.

Handing these to me, he added: "No! We don't object to Yankee dollars when they come across the line; but we don't think we can have a better head on our money than *Hers!*"

There was a most delightful mixture of pride, affection, and independence in the way he spoke of *Her*—the mother of nations—and an assenting smile was on every face in the car. One gentleman lifted his hat in graceful deference to the name of Britain's Queen.

I was struck very much by the feeling of loyalty to the Old Country exhibited everywhere I went, in particular among those who sympathised with the "Home Rulers;" and I thought that a very significant fact.

I had some conversation with officials at many of the most important places *en route*, and all were ready to give the fullest information.

All officials along the C. P. R. are civil and obliging when *not* beset by a crowd of bewildered strangers asking the most unreasonable and unanswerable questions—a too common circumstance, and one calculated to try the temper of even an American gentleman.

I cannot enough praise the patience and courtesy shown to ignorant or lorn passengers. When I mentioned to a "railroad boss" some matters connected with travelling by their railway, which in my insular and feminine judgment seemed to want mending, he

replied, "Well, just tell that in your report. The Company is very willing to act upon useful suggestions."

At home one is so accustomed to a surly answer, a rebuff, an evasion, from official sources that I was more than surprised—I was grateful to find so much cheerful service politely given. In no case did I find it otherwise, and I was taxing the official courtesy rather considerably, for my time was limited, and I was anxious to glean as much authentic information as possible.

The C. P. R. would do well to set aside some of its cars for the exclusive use of women and children; observe that the water-tanks fail not; and that women do not require to wash and dress under the eyes of men; also that food at reasonable rates is provided for second-class passengers.

I hope I have made it plainly understood that the discomforts to which I allude pertain to the "settlers' cars" only. Nothing can be more luxurious than the first-class carriages on the C. P. R. The dining saloons are also everything one could wish, and the food most excellent—even dainty. In no British café could one get such meals for such small prices. But then, as an emigrant with many children to feed remarked—"No doubt the fare is worth the three shillings, but what *we* want is a bit plain meat and vegetable for a third of the money."

I am sure the Company is anxious to "make things pleasant," therefore I am sanguine that the magic belt across Canada will be smoothed for the emigrant ere

long. In days to come, when that iron road shall pass through teeming cities where now are lone solitudes, people shall tell with gratitude of the marvellous enterprise which cut a way from shore to shore of this mighty land, and gave to Britain the vast resources of a greater Britain.

The country which is traversed by the C. P. R. is exquisitely beautiful; but, as a whole, it impressed me profoundly by its want of human life. It looked like a land which had dared man to break its solitudes. Again, and again, and again, all along the way we came to traces of where man had been beaten back by nature.

If the "great lone land" is to be changed into the fruitful Paradise God meant it to be, it must be peopled by great numbers working together, by families, by educated as well as working men.

It is melancholy to see along the shores of vast Lake Superior miles and miles of country covered with *dead* wood and fertile soil, and not a living soul. Scenery of the most magnificent description, a glorious atmosphere, promise of "plenty," and nothing wanting but men—men, not in twos and threes, but in thousands. We have driven the red men out of this land, and left nature mistress of the situation; and nature, when so left to herself, becomes a tyrant instead of a benefactor. We mar when we dare to meddle with the balances which a Power beyond both man and nature has adjusted according to His own laws.

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THROUGH "THE WOODS."

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"THE WOODS" is the name given to that portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway which lies between Quebec Territory and the north-west prairie lands. The scenery is extremely varied, though woodlands form the chief feature throughout. Sometimes it is sublime in mountain outlines and mighty lakes; sometimes it is savage in aspect, rearing naked scaurs from depressions of swamp; frequently you emerge from a cloud of sand, over tracts of which the train has slowly dragged itself, to look on uplands as green, tender, and smiling as the dimpled lawns of England. Then, before you have done feasting your eyes upon that delicate verdure and restful beauty, the scene changes, and the cars are oscillating along crags which overhang lakes that remind one of Scottish lochs and northern seas. Here islands of fantastic form, clothed in loveliness, rise from great sheets of pellucid water; there an impetuous torrent comes rushing down a hillside; next a ravine appears holding fragments of the winter snows. Anon you hear a hissing and squelching, and you find your wheels are splashing through a marsh where tall reeds quiver, and bull-frogs continuously shriek the

terrors of malaria. Next appears a streamlet meandering among homesteads; and presently the little blue beck expands into a majestic river, over some necks of which you are carried by bridges more substantial and safe than they either look or feel. Then, it may be, you pass along a level plain of rich soil, sparsely cultivated, thinly peopled, till your train—screaming, panting, full of its own importance—rushes into a bustling town, where "*After time*" is posted up on a black-board for the humiliation of your laggard engine. Yet she, poor thing, has done her best; but to drag heavy cars through sand and water, along edges of precipices, around the sharpest of corners, up the steepest of inclines, is no easy task, and may well excuse her for coming into the station overdue. "All aboard! All aboard! Go ahead!" and—screaming, panting as before—away rushes the land-ship along her iron road and into the solitudes of nature. And always along that line, whether it go by lake or swamp, by hill or plain, by city or farm, "The Woods" interfuse, giving a certain sameness of character to the various landscapes which spread over thousands of miles.

Some of those forests are altogether, or in part, composed of dead trees, blasted by fire or killed by one another. Earth is so fruitful in those regions, life so eager to assert itself individually, that every little seed which finds rest within the smallest morsel of soil springs up at once and insists upon becoming a tree. In so insisting, it commits murder and suicide. Out of the mud of a stream, from the crevice of a rock,

from sand wafted hither and thither by the winds, from a floating spar, from the prostrate forms of kindred, do the young trees lift their green crowns, while shoving their roots around in search of a foothold. They jostle and trample each other like human beings, and end in killing each other—very much as men do with their fellows in an overcrowded country.

The "forest kings" who survive that fierce struggle for existence are attenuated, but grow to a great height. Their dead brethren, too, are tall. When they all began life, their supreme desire was to look upon the sun, for without him they could not flourish; so they pressed up and up, pushing ahead, in hope of rising above their fellows to behold their god; and died, striving for that end. It is a pathetic sight—those slim, straight trunks standing leafless, lifting naked arms, as if they had died in an agony of beseeching prayer, their bark stained russet and gold, crimson and ruby, by the sun, whose rays could only reach them when Death made bare and open to his light the depths of their forest primeval. Some of these poor dead creatures lie prostrate, riven and distorted as though they had "died hard;" others of them the kindly mosses have covered with a verdant shroud. Those who have passed through the fire to Moloch stand very stark and red, belting groups of living trees which have escaped the conflagration, or grown up since it passed over the spot.

The contrast between the living and the dead—the

one green and graceful, the other scorched and stiff—is very striking. But when the sun slides low towards the horizon, his many coloured rays create a wonderful transformation in those woods. Living and dead trees, fallen trunks and stately stems, gnarled roots and swaying boughs, are glorified by the setting sun. All those marvellous tints which he gives to the clouds are cast upon “The Woods,” and blend them together, as it were, in one glowing, harmonious picture of beauty. I cannot attempt to describe that which has defied the powers of many a more facile writer. I can only say that some of those sunset scenes which I witnessed while passing through that region were more gorgeous, more lovely, more like dreams of fairyland than any transformation scene depicted on the stage.

But it was not always sunset, nor always visions of natural beauty; and when one's eyes were not filled with the picturesque, the solitude, the lack of life, the absence of human beings brought depression of spirit which produced most morbid imaginings. At rare intervals we spied a solitary log-house, or a group of shanties, and near these there might be a few cattle or other “tame” beasts. More often we saw the deserted remains of rough-and-ready habitations standing—or rather, tumbling to bits—in the centre of a “clearing” fast returning to its primitive state. Many a charred stump on such spots told how men had come there full of vigour and hope, ready to attack nature and redeem the wilderness. Many a fair young sapling springing into exuberant life from the ashes of its

martyred kin, proclaimed how the lonely pioneer had wearied and given up the unequal fight with nature.

During long hours, the train rocked on, and little was to be seen on either hand but trees—trees dead and trees living; trees felled and trees fallen; trees of all shades of green, in all stages of progress and decay. Having just come from the teeming isles of Britain, the absence of mankind was painfully impressed upon our minds in those "Woods." It is true the warm winds of the west are the Providence of countless butterflies and other winged beings. If your glance rests upon the waters, you will see fishes splashing and birds playing. High over the topmost boughs soar mighty eagles; and on many a branch and by many a pool the solemn-visaged heron meditates. The ferns tremble as some stealthy-footed rodent or subtle reptile glides among their fronds. Flowers bloom, little birds sing, and a sky more clear and pure and blue than we ever look up to in the north arches over all; yet, because man is not there, all seems lifeless and melancholy.

When first those "Woods" begin to attract your notice, you exclaim about their beauty—and indeed all the time you willingly admit *that*—but by-and-by you find yourself regretting that they hide some fine view afar from your point of observation. After a while you think them just a little monotonous; then you become sure they look rather dreary and impracticable; but you retract some of these thoughts when suddenly you behold them clothing a grim mountain or fringing

a stagnant lake. "How those trees improve everything—if only they were not so dense!" you ejaculate; and shortly after that you soliloquise: "Dear me, how it stifles one to look into the depths of those woods!" Presently, you find yourself fancying they are "no canny;" that there is something weird and fearsome in the way those trees start up as the adjunct to every landscape. Then you begin not to reflect on or speak of "The Woods," but you *feel* them. They grow upon your imagination, they press upon your feelings, they exercise a most strange fascination over you. An awe-stricken sensation takes hold upon you, and you are spellbound by those mystical woods. They seem peopled by ghosts; indeed, the trees appear ghosts themselves, for, as the daylight fades and shadows gather among them, the motion of the train seems transferred to the trees, and they bend and dodge and waltz as if endowed with sentient life. Here a twisted root takes the semblance of a coiled snake strangling some victim; there a decaying stump having put out, as a last protest against death, some slender twigs, looks like an antlered creature couching among the ferns. Dusky savages in waving plumes and flowing robes, mammoth beasts, dryads, demons, seem there. You would fain not look, not imagine, when all this is repeated so often that it becomes vivid and real; but in spite of yourself "The Woods" hold you in thrall. Even when darkness comes, you cannot forget them; you feel their power though they are no longer visible. They are *there*, around you, all the same, all the time,

and at peep of day you gaze out of the car window to behold them as before.

I had a dream of those Canadian "Woods" while travelling through them; and because I know that dream must come true in the fulness of time, I tell it now. My dream was of the future, and I was travelling along the Canadian Pacific Railway fifty years hence. Men had come to "The Woods" again, but not singly to toil in solitude, as in the days when there was no Canadian Pacific Railway opening a way through unpeopled wastes. *These* men had come in large companies, and they were not the ne'er-do-wells of decent families, nor the shiftless scum of our cities, nor disappointed competitors for place in an old country. Every man of them had brought practical knowledge of the arts of civilised life with them, a little money in their pockets, boys and girls at their back to be reared able citizens of a new country; at their side women, to do the woman's work of a settlement, and in fulfilling those humble duties lifting high the banner of selfless morality. Some of these men had been agriculturists, some artisans, some gentlemen with a modest income which in Britain was not enough to maintain them according to their rank, but which gave them the position of affluent landowners in Canada. They were of many nationalities, and could say in the language of Tennyson:

Saxon, Norman, and Dane are we,
Teuton and Celt.

Add to these a sprinkling of the black, and rather more of the red man, with select specimens of the Jew, and you have that new nation as I saw it in my dream.

With the pertinacity of Britons—for the majority were from our Isles—these colonists had set to work, learning success from the failures of those who had gone before them, and keeping always plain before their minds that the prosperity of the individual depends upon his first considering the benefit of the community at large. So, acting in unison, they had judiciously thinned "The Woods," and, with an eye to the future, had permitted no wanton destruction of the trees, but had made laws which restricted men from cutting down more than a certain average, and obliged them to keep up the supply of timber. Marsh and swamp had been drained; and where the rank reeds had quaked and frogs complained, golden grain now waved and happy children sported. Cliff and scaur had been broken to rise in baronial mansions and lofty spires, in streets and churches. The hill-slopes were covered with homesteads; the plains had peopled villages; the shores of each lake were studded by human dwellings; its waters gay with many a lively craft, its islands decked as the abodes of Pleasure. The British instinct "to kill" had not been acted upon further than was absolutely needful. "Sport" was not in fashion. So birds, unmolested, kept the insects in their place; wild beasts of a harmless kind cropped the superabundant grasses as aforetime; mountain stream and quiet pool continued

to be the haunts of sleek and speckled finners. Fish, flesh, and fowl were only sacrificed *humanely* when required for the use of man, or to keep the balance of nature even. And still "The Woods" were *the* feature of each landscape; but how transformed!

The sun in all his power and glory had never enhanced their beauty as the hand of man had done. Tall as of old, but of vast girth, of widely-spreading branches and more variety of species, these forest kings stood grand, sublime, in the face of day, symbols of the mighty nation risen among them to take its place beside the foremost nations of the earth. Under their shelter grazed the peaceful herds of a prosperous and pastoral community. Within their shadow nestled the homes of a happy people. Health and wealth grew and flourished in their groves. Man and his inspired machines woke joyous echoes amid their avenues. The spectres had fled from those Woods, for desolation and disjointed nature had given place to that order and beauty which so surely attend upon the carrying out of God's beneficent laws, and of His command, "Go forth and replenish the earth."

I had been dreaming; but the engine which had drawn me through "The Woods" seemed to say like a voice of Fate, so monotonous, so fierce, so strong did it seem: "All aboard! On she goes! It shall be! It shall be!"—and then, with a wild war-whoop of victory, our train dashed into Winnipeg—the great Western city which is the key to the prairie-lands, and the termination of "The Woods."

PRAIRIE HOMES.

REGINA (so christened by the Marquis of Lorne) stands upon the level prairie, and derives its interesting appearance from no natural surroundings, but from the irregularity of its buildings, their bright colouring and clean trimness, and the manner in which they are squatted here and there and anyhow. Presently, as the town grows—and it is doing so fast—the houses will be arranged in straight lines to form squares, streets, and avenues. At present every habitation is planted according to the will of its owner, I think !

Hotels, complete and comfortable as any in the old country, stand side by side with wooden shanties. Shops where you may buy lace and ribbons and photographic albums flaunt themselves close to police stations. Mexican saddles rub shoulders with tea-trays in one store. Tinned meats jostle bananas and oranges in another. There are always interesting groups of men, horses, cowboys, and Indians beside the wells, where the pump handles are seldom at rest.

One of the leading men of Regina said to me—
“When the town grows larger, we shall have to meet

and solve the great problem of our prairie cities—the water supply.”

He said it with a confidence which meant “of course we shall find a way to overcome the difficulty.” The belief in themselves which Americans and Canadians have is amazing! Long Lake must be within one hundred miles of Regina. It is a large sheet of splendid water, and I shall not be surprised if Western enterprise brings that supply to the capital as well as other towns.

The way distances are bridged over in Canada startles one accustomed to hear Londoners speak of Scotland as some remote place which it requires much consideration to visit once a year.

When a fire, however trivial it may seem, breaks out in Regina, every man closes his shop or house door, and runs to assist in extinguishing the flames.

This town is the headquarters of the mounted police, which is really a military force, and as fine a body of men as any one could desire to see. I could not sufficiently admire both horses and men of the police force. Their duties are arduous, and not unattended by danger, but they look quite equal to any duty, however desperate.

The prairie territories are very featureless and uninteresting compared with the mountain and lake districts; though possessing compensation in the rich level tracts of soil ready for the plough. Efforts are being made to plant trees, and when their farms and cities are dressed in foliage, the prairie-lands will rival

in beauty, as they equal in prosperity, the Provinces east and west of them.

The paths across the prairie are called "trails," and a trail is made by skinning the turf from a strip of ground wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass each other.

No attempt is made to harden the road; the hummocks are merely smoothed a little; but it is very pleasant driving along a trail if the day be fine.

If the wind blows you are enveloped in clouds of dust; if it rains, you pass along a track of mud, portions of which adhere to the wheels of your "rig," making weary work for the horses.

The favourite vehicle is a "buckboard" which is made after a plan authorised by Government. I was told Government will not allow vehicles of the same class, employed for certain service, to be constructed on any other plan.

These buckboards are capable of going over ground where any of our conveyances would assuredly come to grief. I have crossed ravines (on a buckboard) as steep as many parts of Hawthornden, and my alarm amused the rough-riders very much. Not till after many scares did I learn to place the smallest confidence in a buckboard behind a "broncho."

As you follow the trail over great tracks of fertile land you pass the homes of settlers, which look lonely enough standing divided from each other by miles of prairie, and without wood or hill to shelter them.

I was sorry to see so few attempts at planting trees,

or doing more than turning over the rich earth for mere farming purposes, although the subject ought to be of chief consideration.

It will only be when family life takes the place of "batching" (bachelor life) that proper attention will be given to horticulture, and gardens, poultry-yards, orchards, and hedgerows will be added to log house or shanty.

About twenty miles from Regina I descended through break-neck ravines and "creeks" into the beautiful Qu'appelle Valley, which winds through the level prairie for hundreds of miles. It is well-wooded, well-watered, abounding in all forms of life save human life, and *that* is painfully sparse. No need to plant gardens in this exquisite vale. The whole valley seems to be a succession of gardens, planted and tended by nature; blooming as Eden, inviting mankind to come and people its lovely solitudes, and reap from them the harvests of health and plenty which so surely follow on "going forth" in "certain hope."

It is to be greatly desired that folks at home, our Government and private companies, should second the efforts of Canada more than they do in peopling her waste lands. We should look upon the British Isles as the cradle and nursery of the world—a nursery-garden where the best kinds of seedlings and saplings are trained into vigorous young life for the purpose of transplanting into wide gardens, lawns, and woodlands!

What sort of a place would the nursery-garden

become, what sort of plants would the promising shoots develop into, if incessant and careful transplanting were not carried out? What sort of credit would attach to the gardener who consigned to his customers only diseased, pining, puny, malformed plants?

We ought to send to our colonies—to the whole uninhabited, or sparsely-peopled, or savage-haunted places of the earth—"well-assorted specimens" from our home nursery-garden, and our transplanting of those goodly young shoots should be more systematic, more discerning, and more wholesale than it is at present.

Overcrowding is poisoning and killing the life of Britain, its social, happy, prosperous life as a whole.

Is the triumph of a section, the success of a tithe, worth the sacrifice that goes on day by day—the loss of souls and bodies which should have expanded into power and joyous existence; which could have so expanded if they had been set within the wider area of a world beyond our little Isles? When shall we learn to act wisely on God's commands? When shall we fully accept, and show ourselves equal to, our unique destiny—that of a dominating race which must absorb within itself all lower races, and make itself the ruling power for good of a planet?

When Britain fully comprehends her mission on earth she will undertake this noble business of emigration in a very different spirit from heretofore, and the world as well as Britain herself will go forward on

broadier lines, and on the more enduring basis of religious duty.

Such were my thoughts as I gazed on rich lands with here and there a sign of man's presence, and scarcely anything to tell that *woman* was in the territory at all! I wished with all my heart that I could have shipped off a dozen cargoes of well-assorted damsels from Scotland to Canada, where women and women's work are so much required.

I speak, of course, of the North-West chiefly. In the older provinces east, I fancy things are very much as they are at home—prejudices of class preventing educated ladies from engaging in certain kinds of work—luxury and poverty side by side, laziness and industry bearing their fruits as in the old country; perhaps fewer shams than we indulge in, but, as a set-off to that, a greater amount of barefaced wickedness. That is what I gathered from what I saw and heard. Possibly, like many others who go and hear, and cannot stay and prove, I may have been mistaken. I confess my enthusiasm was reserved for the young new provinces whose vitality seems immense, in proportion to their population, and whose aims are so grand.

They are truly a fine race, those prairie settlers; and their hospitality is as lavish as their "bields" are quaint and small. One dwelling-house was log built. The logs are cemented together by mortar, and lined with smooth plank.

This house stands by the side of a hillock, and the outer wall of the kitchen is the hill-side.

On the day I arrived the kitchen was being roofed, and I stepped from the mound upon the roof to inspect the tar paper which was being stretched over the wood.

In winter-time the house is "banked" round with earth, which adds greatly to the warmth.

Besides the log-house there is a shanty, which makes a delightfully cool sleeping room in summer. In winter it is drawn up to the house, and "banked" also. A shanty is so constructed that it can be moved anywhere. One of our Shetland colonists bought a second-hand shanty, an excellent house of two storeys, stair, cupboards, windows, doors, complete. Twenty oxen were hitched to the house (which was set upon two long logs split in half), and they dragged it many miles up hill and down dale.

It now stands on the side of a pretty ravine, and not even a pane of glass was cracked during the transference.

Under the houses are cellars dug out of the earth; and these are the store-rooms of the establishments.

Some settlers had dug out stables and "byres" in the sides of the hillocks—where hillocks are.

On the prairie where the ground is level, structures are made (for the accommodation of animals) in some cases like mere wooden frames "banked" about with turf or straw. In some places I saw stables such as we have at home; but I was told these are not so useful in the Wild West, where the cold is most intense in winter.

Horses (bronchos) don't mind the cold, but cattle require careful "keep" and warm lodgings.

One house which I visited was a picture of neatness, comfort, and beauty.

It belonged to Mr. Carss (the little settlement is named Carssdale), one of the first of those Qu'appelle settlers who, with his brave and bonnie wife, took up his abode here amid Red Indians and wild deer, and saw no white men, save his own small party, for many a long day.

One little child is left to this heroic couple, a veritable Prairie Flower; and I cannot express the strange thrill it gave me to see a pretty wee lassie flitting among those grave and bearded men in that lonely valley. I shall have more to tell of this child later.

Mr. Jamieson, a young Shetlander, went to the Qu'appelle with Mr. Carss, and is now the head of a large household of relatives who have followed him to the West.

Not far from Mr. Jamieson's farm is located in a log house of their own building Willie Smith, our minister's son, and another young fellow from far Unst in Shetland. I called upon them on Sunday morning, and found the young men in the picturesque garb of the prairies, having just finished milking their cows. They looked brown and healthy, and seemed to be enjoying their life thoroughly.

"Next door" to these is the movable residence of Mr. Hamilton, son of the late Dr. Hamilton of Bressay. When I was making "calls" in the Qu'appelle valley

Mr. Hamilton and his man Lowrie were batching in the shanty, and, both being family men, were grumbling over the hardships of housekeeping.

Since then the true wife and her brood of boys and girls have gone to share the prairie-life.

Their neighbours across the valley are grandsons of the late Dr. Ingram, long known as the Father of the Free Kirk. Then, nearer the line of the new railway, and further down the valley, my two boys, and a young Englishman, Mr. Maxam, with his bright Shetland bride, have set up a joint establishment. Thus our little northern colony seems on the road to a happy and prosperous future.

The climate of the Qu'appelle valley is delightful. In summer very hot, but invigorating. In winter extremely cold, but dry, bright, and windless. Both extremes of cold and heat are much more healthy, and far more endurable, than the fitful storms, damp, frost and thaw, rain and sunshine of Britain.

I thought the great plague of the prairies was mosquitos "and such like," but I was told that the insect pest disappears very much before "the plough." Possibly they find it hard to live and thrive without the native grasses, and I am afraid there will always be enough of that to keep the mosquito race from degenerating so as to leave man with an unruffled temper and skin!

There is a kind of hearty yet high-bred hospitality among Canadians that is very pleasant to their guests. They don't prepare specially for you, nor invite people

"to meet you" (how I dislike that expression for what it implies) of a set purpose; but they bid you come and they welcome you cordially, and they let you share their family life; or if there is any person you particularly want to see they "have him up" at once; and they make you feel—down to the toes of your boots and right away to the ends of the feathers in your bonnet—that they are very glad you came to see them; that they like you very much, and wish you would stay with them eternally. You are sure you have not put them about by your visit; on the contrary, that somehow you have conferred a real pleasure on them. You expect they will get over the parting from you some time, though you are convinced that they mean to be your friends all through.

If *that* isn't first-class hospitality, I do not know what is.

I was particularly struck by the thirst for knowledge which exists among Canadians, and the prompt practical manner in which information is obtained.

At first I fancied—my insular prejudices being hard to die—that people were "cheeky" when without preface of any sort, I was asked (courteously enough) where I came from, where I was going; was I married, had I any children; what had I left home for, when was I going back, &c., &c.

Very soon, the polite way I was addressed, and the frank manner of confiding the personal history of the questioner in return, and unasked, showed that it was "just their way"—a way I very soon adopted, and

thereby collected a large amount of interesting "copy" not otherwise obtainable.

We all recognise the wide-awake American, as he appears casting a keen glance at the tartans and cairngorms in our shop windows, or when he is—in his honest warm way—admiring our lochs and bens; but he must be seen at home to be found at his best.

The "aggressive Briton" flaunts the Union Jack very insolently when *he* is abroad, and the American is apt to follow suit. Thus we see rather more of the stars and stripes in our own land than in their native States, I am told.

The Canadian resembles the Yankee and Briton in this, and when he visits us we call him rather bumptious and distinctly self-asserting. That is not the characteristic of the Canadians in their own land, I think. At least my impression was that they are a dignified, self-respecting people, conscious of a lately-acquired nationality all their own, and careful to live as becomes a noble nation.

I thought the Canadians had struck a happy medium between the exclusive Britisher and the all-embracing Yankee, and I liked the medium best of the three.

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A SUNDAY IN THE FAR WEST.

It was Sabbath morning, and I felt it to be so, although no sound of church-bell, no vision of neighbours in Sunday-best, proclaimed that the Scot in a far land was honouring the Holy Day of his old home.

The ordinary duties of the morning on a prairie-farm were performed in a leisurely manner, quite unlike the bustling energy with which they were "tackled" on week-days; and the faces of all the household wore a quiet pleased expression which said how grateful to the busy hands and heads was the rest of Sunday. Sunday! yes; the day of the Sun of Righteousness. The luminary which He has deigned to call the symbol of Himself was shedding its glory from ether, flecked by those wonderfully transparent clouds which beautify without dimming the splendour of American skies. Some birds, whose voices seemed like those of our yellow-hammer and linnet, were singing matins over the knolls which straggle from the bosom of the valley till they reach the level prairie, spreading like a broad ocean on either side of the river's delta.

Wild flowers I knew and loved (mingled with others that were strangers yet not less beautiful) were lifting

their bright faces to the heavens, thanking God no doubt in their own way for the sunshine and sweet winds upon which they were nourished.

The valley looked like a garden of the Lord on that Sabbath morning, and as I gazed upon its lovely unpeopled solitudes I wished that some of the struggling, suffering crowds of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, could be transported to such a scene of peace, such a land of plenty.

I thought of the many at that hour within hearing of city-bells calling to worship, who are miserable enough to feel that summons a mockery; who, if *here*, would feel that God's bounty is not offered grudgingly, and that His day of rest is still the right of those who, in faith and hope, obey His command, "*Six days shalt thou labour.*" There my meditations were interrupted.

My brother-in-law had announced that he was to have a "dinner-party" at his shanty that day, and I was requested to be one of the guests.

It was a busy season of the year, and the scattered settlers had few opportunities of exchanging home civilities. The shanty was some miles distant and on the way to the kirk, so I right willingly agreed to Mr.

amilton's proposal. I also knew that the other guests were the sons of our two Unst ministers. I wanted to carry home to the parents news of their prairie-lads, and I knew I should have no other opportunity of seeing them.

To walk for miles under a broiling sun, and through scrub, &c., was not to be dreamed of; so a "broncho"

was "hitched" to a "buckboard," and Mr. Hamilton and I set out, some of the others to follow on horseback. We drove along the valley smoothly enough for a short way, but very soon a ravine had to be crossed, and the broncho began to baulk in a manner that brought my heart into my mouth. At one place the descent was so steep that my courage failed altogether and I got off the "buckboard" and crossed the creek on foot, tearing my dress among the brambles and wading through mud. Sometimes I thought the broncho was to fall back upon us, sometimes it seemed imminent that we should be pitched forward on the broncho. But after a time I began to take hope from the manner in which the light, wonderfully constructed vehicle managed to keep its proper position, as well as from the sure-footed way the horse proceeded. As the baulking always ended in nothing worse than a mild tussle I became more reassured, and sat still while my expert driver had it out with the beast—though much of my pleasure in the beautiful scenery was spoiled for me on that and other occasions by baulking bronchos behind buckboards!

Thus we went along rich fields and finely wooded dells, by hillocks clothed with rose and currant bushes, and over burns trickling down to the rivers which they feed, and so enable to thread a way along the valley for hundreds of miles.

By-and-by we came upon a herd of cattle which were coolly grazing on somebody's corn. Fields are not enclosed, and cattle stray far if not herded. Naturally they prefer tender young wheat to prairie grass, and it

gave us some trouble to persuade those cattle that they had no business there. The broncho had been trained for herding, and conducted the "rig" and myself in a very adroit manner at the tail of the cattle, while Mr. Hamilton on foot kept the drove from breaking off and returning to the field. I thought of the words of One who could feel for all; and I was assured that Christ would have set the case of a neighbour's ox destroying another's corn beside the case of a neighbour's ox fallen into a pit.

When we reached the shanty—a neat wooden house of two storeys which had been brought to that spot "ready-made" two months previously—we were delighted to see clouds of swallows preparing to colonise the eaves. We were duly welcomed by Lowrie, the intelligent man who had accompanied my brother to the far West, and who is his indispensable "help." After a few minutes' rest and interested watching the swallows, we set out again to call upon our minister's son, whose farm lies two miles further up the valley.

As the buckboard drew near his log-house we saw stalwart Willie Smith come to the door, which he more than filled, and look amazedly at the apparition of a lady driving up to his prairie-home on Sunday morning.

I thought how it would have gladdened his mother's heart to have looked as I did on the bright bronzed face and strong frame of her Shetland boy. He had been in Canada only a year and a half, but might pass for a brawny native of that land of giants if the accents of the

island tongue, and the softened light which came to his blue eyes when we spoke of mother and home, did not tell a different story. The comrade who shares his home is also a Shetlander, and they seemed very hopeful and healthy, though feeling the isolation of their life very much. They gave me a comforting draught of rich milk, as is the hospitable farm-usage. Thanks to the wisdom of a good government, no drink stronger than milk can be obtained in that territory without an official "permit." After reminding Willie of his engagement for dinner an hour later, we departed again; and presently beheld young Ingram come striding across the valley to keep his engagement. He surveyed me from under a huge straw hat which was removed when he drew nearer, and then I recognised the "family face," tanned and strengthened, but familiar to one who had known his people. Family likeness is wonderfully marked in Shetlanders.

When we reached the shanty again we found Lowrie "far through" with his duties, and ready to tackle the final preparations for dinner.

I watched him deftly arrange his pots and pans until I felt ashamed of myself—as a woman naturally must feel when sitting idle while a lord of creation performs domestic duties; so I put off cloak and gloves, and despite of mosquitos and a roaring fire, I helped Lowrie to prepare a savoury dish of beefsteak and onions, also a huge potful of potatoes. Mr. Hamilton collected his nondescript assortment of plates, &c., which Lowrie arranged upstairs in what one might style the shanty

drawing-room! A plank resting on two stools was laid along one side of the table, the three chairs of the establishment, with a box, and a bucket turned upside down, filled the places at head and foot and 'tother side of the board. Tinned peaches, pepper-box, salt-cellar, and a small supply of silver, added exceptional luxuries to a *new* prairie-home. As a rule the pioneers are not so well provided, and I thought of the wifely heart away in the north which had so tenderly striven to impart home comfort to the shanty life.

By the time our arrangements were complete most of the guests had arrived, and Mr. Hamilton had the satisfaction of beholding his beefsteak (brought from the town twenty miles away) fully appreciated by healthy fellows who had seldom leisure or opportunity to enjoy a meal which their own hands had not helped to cook.

The hour for service was drawing near, and the kirk was at some distance, so those of us who wished to attend hurried through dinner, before all the guests had assembled, and set out. Driving and riding we clambered out of the valley, and going over the prairie at a rapid pace reached the kirk in good time.

It is a plain wooden building, most primitive in appearance. It stands by itself, unadorned, square, solitary: neither tree nor hill nor rock to shelter it. It might be a barn. Yet it wore a beauty of its own, for I thought of it as one of God's milestones set upon the wide waste of prairie to point the way heavenward.

Nor is the little kirk unconsecrated and altogether

lonely, for beside it are two graves—that of a little child and an old man.

The kirk is open for service only during the summer. While the long, cold Canadian winter lasts there can be no assembling of themselves together, seeing that the congregation is so widely scattered, and the kirk is not heated.

When we arrived, there were picketed around the kirk a number of horses and gigs; for, as I said, the congregation collects from afar, and no one dreams of walking any distance in these localities.

The kirk could hold some hundreds comfortably. On this occasion the number assembled was about forty—an exceptionally large congregation I was told, five-sixths of these being men.

The minister who officiates regularly was away on duty somewhere else, and a layman conducted the service. If he was not a layman he was a very unpretending, earnest preacher of the Methodist, or some such, denomination.

The service was most simple and "auld-warld." The dear old hymns of the dear old land were sung. The prayers were interspersed with ejaculations from numbers of the congregation. "Yes, glory to His name!" "Amen, amen!" "Praise the Lord," &c. The prayers were also interrupted by the manifold attacks of mosquitos.

There was no petition for "Queen and Country;" but I think the preacher belonged to the United States, which may account for the omission. I found all the

Western folks I met most loyal to Britain. The text chosen was, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" and the poetic words were treated with some poetic effect. The sermon was not wanting in eloquence, nor was it very long. While it was proceeding Willie Smith's horse was seen struggling indiscriminately among the buckboards, and his master darted out of church abruptly. Evidently such interruptions were not novel. The preacher went on calmly as before, and everybody sat unconcerned. No damage was done to either beast or vehicles.

After service, as before it, the people stood outside the kirk conversing, as I have seen my countryfolks do in Unst when the kirk-door was the newsagent of the island. When my son made known to some of those who had been his friends that the lady "in company" was his mother, I met the hearty clasp of many a strong honest hand.

A bright-faced and comely lady asked me to come and have tea at her house, and I gladly agreed.

What a surprise it was to enter her home and find it as dainty in its furnishings, as fresh and comfortable, as any one could desire. I cannot imagine how a grand piano, sofas, mirrors, carved brackets, crewel-work, crystal, china, pictures, were transported to that lonely farm-house, but there they were, and flitting among them was a pretty wee lassie in a dainty white frock and fresh ribbons, herself the most unique thing there! The gentleman who had officiated at church was also the guest of Mrs. Carss that evening, and we

had some very interesting conversation, chastened and grave as became the Holy Day.

The "Sabbath-feel" was "in the air" all the time—had been somehow all through the day, though little talk which is strictly religious had marked our intercourse.

There had been what is more true, more earnest, more heart-felt than theological conversation—a sense of relief from work, a reunion and good fellowship rarely enjoyed and most necessary, a God-given peace and rest, an unconscious turning from mere worldly care to nature and nature's God and thoughts of a life beyond the things of earth, a conviction that of all good gifts to man the Sabbath stands as one of the most needed and the most to be valued.

Such feelings, I may be pardoned for saying, I felt were more useful in strengthening and ennobling than lengthened public ordinances could have been in such a locality and under such circumstances.

The drive home with my son Horace in the cool quiet evening was very delightful, although in crossing one creek I felt on the brink of my grave.

I do not think there can be anything in nature more exquisitely beautiful than the beauties of an American sunset—always excepting sunrise and sunset at sea. I dare not attempt to describe the tints on sky and earth and water and foliage; but my soul went up in an exceeding thankfulness to the Creator for this world of ours, so dowered with loveliness, so filled with the riches of His bounty, so wonderfully ruled by His unsearchable laws, so blessed by His love.

A fit conclusion to that Sunday on the prairie came when Charlie played our favourite hymns on his little missionary-organ; and my boy's music had never seemed more sweet in our Scottish home than it was in that log-house amid the wilds of the far West.

WINNOGENE.

A CHAPTER FOR THE CHILDREN.



I SHOULD like to tell you about a little white child who dwells in the Red-man's land, and who has for one of her names the pretty word which heads this narrative.

"Winnogene!" Is not that a pretty name for a girl! and I think its meaning is even more pretty than its sound. "A bright ray of light"—that is the literal meaning of the Indian word; and the girl who is so named is a ray of brightest sunshine in a lonely prairie-home. She is a young child, and a very sweet one; but she has imbibed a prejudice against the "Nichies" (a contemptuous term applied to Indians), and does not wish to be called by a Nichie's name. I am sure when she is older and understands things that are dark to her at present, she will like that she was named Winnogene. Her parents were among the first settlers who fixed their habitation in that far away locality. They wandered and wandered west for hundreds of miles with a waggon and small store of household gear. Winnogene's mother was the only woman of the party. What a brave woman she was! I have heard from some who were with her of her energy and courage. She never mur-

mured, was always cheerful and ready to help. Then, later, when her husband had decided upon *where* he would locate himself, how nobly she bore all the privations and trials of the rough prairie-life! At that time the whole country round there was in an unsettled state. Indians and half-breeds were roaming the land athirst for revenge on the conquering race, eager for plunder, ignorant, debased; all the worst passions of their savage nature roused by injustice and harsh treatment. Alas! when we do not practise Christianity in our dealings with savages, how can we expect *them* to meet us with any spirit more tolerant than their own heathen creed of "an eye for an eye"?

The martyrdom of missionaries, the patient self-sacrifice of good men through long years, scarcely suffice to blot from a Red-man's mind the belief that the "Paleface" is his mortal foe; and we have no business to wonder that it is so; for in the past our stern pioneers neither gave nor took "quarter."

It will be for the children growing up in the Indian's land to teach the poor conquered "Nichies" a more Christ-like creed than that which was practised by their conquerors.

Now you will see some of the reasons why Winnogene dislikes a Nichie's name, and why I called Winnogene's mother a brave woman. One night she was roused by a terrible noise outside, which for some minutes she never doubted was caused by Indians come to murder them. The noise was caused by wolves—not less terrible than the Red-skins when met out of doors;

but fortunately for the defenceless household, not able, like the Indians, to plan an attack upon unarmed men within a dwelling. The wolves, like the Indians, have now become few and afraid to face the intrepid settlers, so that women and children can sleep without dread in those lonely prairie-homes.

Although this lady, of whom I speak, never lost courage, yet the strain upon her nerves must have been very hurtful. She lost her babies one after another, and was more than once nigh unto death herself. At last it happened that one dear little one lived, and in exceeding thankfulness for such a precious ray of heaven's own light and life, the mother added "Winnogene" to the other names bestowed upon the child.

Children, you are all more or less accustomed to the companionship of small people like yourselves. You have child-friends who play with you and are in class with you. You meet children at church, in the street, by the sea-shore. You compete with others of your age at games and in school. You chat together over your lessons and toys ; and you have huge enjoyment in the exchange of confidences and sweeties with some little body who is your special chum. Can you imagine how you should feel if you were like Winnogene—almost the only child within a circle of many miles, seldom seeing another child, and never enjoying the daily companionship of children ? I really cannot describe what a queer sensation it gave me to see that bright little Morning Ray—Winnogene—shedding its

light and beauty upon the lives of the grave grown-up folks in her home. She was dressed as any girl in Scotland might be—in a white frock and pretty sash. She looked like any Scottish lassie might—rosy-cheeked, glad-eyed, child-like, and happy; yet I felt how much more Winnogene was than any girl at home. *Here* we have more little girls than we often know what to do with; *there* one little girl is a pearl of exceeding price, a token of love, a centre of attraction, a something to evoke tenderness, to suggest purity, to soften stern men doing stern work.

Morning Rays! Children, you are *all* "Winnogenes" in a certain sense. Are you trying to live up to such a beautiful name, trying to shed gladness, purity, warmth around you? Are you trying to come and go like the sunbeams, lighting up the dark places of the earth, rejoicing sad lives around you, kindling new life in deadened souls, being in your spheres what Winnogene is in her prairie-home, a bright ray of light? Every beam of light which comes to our earth is a golden arrow sent from the soul of the sun. Every little child is a ray of divine life sent from the heart of God.

Oh, if every child were to perform its earthly mission as faithfully as the sunbeams perform theirs, what a bright and happy world this would be!

A KIRK BY THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

A SCOTTISH settlement does not long exist before its members—though they may be few in number—begin to think about having a kirk of their ain.

The population of Carssdale and its neighbouring districts are few and scattered of course; but they wanted their kirk and they got it. Even those of their number who were not of Scottish extraction agreed that theirs must be a Presbyterian church.

That form of religion is better adapted for the wants of an infant settlement of intelligent and civilised people than any other. There is no elaborate ritual, no organ, no altar, no choir-boys, no consecration services, no white surplice, no rigid order of prayer required. An earnest energetic man, fired with holy fervour and a Bible in his hand, is all that the kirk requires. The kirk itself may be as plain and free from ornament as a barn.

There is not much money among those busy struggling settlers; but there are strong hands and willing hearts, and the unpretending little church was raised.

Nevertheless *some* money was needed to set it agoing, and a sum was collected, though not enough for the

purpose. Then a brilliant idea occurred to somebody—"Let us bring the matter before all at the annual picnic, and solicit assistance." No sooner said than done.

The place where the kirk had been set is within twenty miles of Regina; and Regina always cordially patronises the go-ahead efforts of the surrounding farm-settlements.

Folk of all nations are there—French, English, Icelandic, American, Dutch, Irish, Scotch (the last perhaps preponderating); but all were right willing to join in such a pleasant way for such a good purpose.

A fine feature in the life of Canadian settlers is this readiness with which they come forward to help each other to get on. If a neighbour is lazy, or foolish, or selfish, they let him alone "to go to pieces" as he best pleases; or they cheat and filch him. If he is arrogant and "gives himself airs" they take pleasure in making him find his level. But if he is a pushing fellow, trying to get on in life, and work with a will, believing every honest man to be his equal in rank, and doing his best to prove himself the equal in manhood of every neighbour, each one is ready to give him the helping hand.

Regina was pleased to help her "Prairie-dogs," and gave the kirk-scheme willing support.

Shortly before the usual time fixed upon for the annual picnic, the little kirk was opened for divine service.

A short and simple service, such as we hear in any

of our Scottish churches, "consecrated" the plain wooden building to the uses of religion.

I think our Father must have been pleased that His people of latter-day times had carried the faith of their former home into that far and new land.

I am sure many of those brave men and high-hearted women must have been transported in thought to the glens of Scotland, to the English villages, to the Isles of the North, when the psalms or hymns of the grand old land were sung in the little new kirk. I imagine the Psalmist and His greater Son must have rejoiced when the note of praise went up from that far west prairie to heaven.

Once, we know, a people chosen of God hung their harps upon the willow, and refused to sing the Lord's song in a strange land. But *they* were captives and exiles who had forsaken Him, and felt spiritless and despairing.

Not so do His chosen people of to-day! *They* go forth with free hands and free will, carrying His word as their passport, triumphantly singing His song in every land, and claiming as their heritage, under His blessing and His promise, the uttermost parts of the earth.

Well, the kirk was "planted," and the picnic was looked forward to with a new interest.

Early in July brought the appointed day.

No distracting fears regarding the weather caused anxious farmers or nicely-dressed girls to look up at the sky. A clear blue was overhead, a genial sun was

pouring his glory upon the rolling prairies and the fertile valleys ; not a cloud was visible—unless we call a few soft flakes of floating gauzy substance, amber-tinted and curled like foam, cloud !

Bullock-carts, bronchos, waggons, buckboards, and, notably, shanks-his-mare, were set in motion ; and soon a goodly company, numbering more than one hundred, met by the banks of a river (which, I think, is a branch of the Wascana) where their tables were spread under the grateful shade of trees.

What a charming banqueting hall that was ! The foliage in many parts was woven in a dense, green, graceful canopy overhead. The ground under foot was dry and firm ; the turf perfumed and richly coloured by beautiful flowers ; the water sparkled and made merry music close by.

After the oldest and best method of picnicing everybody had contributed to the bill of fare.

One dame, lately arrived from Scotland, had baked a goodly array of oatcakes. A stalwart Northman found huge enjoyment in presiding over the teapots. A little English boy made himself useful in carrying heaped dishes. An emigrant from Ontario contributed a noble supply of butter, his neighbour of French extraction provided milk for the party, and so on.

There were games of all sorts played on the more open ground beyond the groves where the tables were arranged. There were songs sung, and speeches made ; and fair hands found plenty of employment in serving out iced cream and lemonade to the merry-makers.

Intoxicating liquors are not permitted to the North-West Territories. If any person requires to use brandy, wine, or any other strong drink, he must have a doctor's certificate that it is needful for his health; and after that he must have a "permit" from some official, besides paying a big price for the liquor.

No wonder that those Canadian farmers are strong, manly, handsome fellows, prosperous, happy, moral. When shall *we* see the usual order of things reversed and the parent taking example from the child? Happy will Scotland be when she follows the example of her stalwart Canadian son, and converts her corn into porridge instead of whisky. Ill day will it be for the West-No'-West when it relaxes its prohibition laws so as to put the cursed "fire-water" within reach of every "weak brother."

In this country we never seem able to have a "good time" without the aid of intoxicating liquor. That picnic in the Qu'appelle valley was most enjoyable though nothing was drunk stronger than tea.

When the proceedings of the day were pretty far advanced some informal talking brought the kirk and its requirements before the party; and before it dispersed all the money required was forthcoming—perhaps *more* than was required; for our Dominion "Boy" is large in mind as well as in person. He has not discarded his Scottish prudence and thrift with his Scottish weakness for fire-water; but he puts the one with the other under proper management.

His Yankee neighbour shows him a fine example of

generosity—it is the virtue par excellence of the American, he “licks creation” in his giving.

The motto of the State and the Dominion is, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy *might*”—a magnificent motto, matching the vast continent which they are rapidly converting from a wilderness to a garden.

More power to our brothers of the mighty West! God speed the people who carry the manly faith of their fathers wherever they go, and who rear an altar for Him before they convert their log huts into comfortable houses, who remember to “give thanks” ere they sit down to enjoy His benefits.

These Prairie Kirks sometimes serve a double purpose, and often become the schools of their district. If it can be shown that ten children of “school age” reside within a certain limit, then that locality is taxed for educational purposes; and government gives help liberally as well. The Board of Education consists of eight members, five of whom are Protestant and three Roman Catholic. A “school district” must not comprise an area of more than twenty square miles, and must contain four resident heads of families. Three ratepayers can apply to have their district brought under the Education rules, and, if a majority of the settlers agree, the thing is done. The Lieutenant-governor sees that Trustees are elected, and ample powers given them to conduct all matters connected with the “schooling” of the district.

We, who have our schools and our churches in almost

every street, and within easy distance of every farm—who never have to send our children further than a mile or so along a pleasant country road, or by a tram-car, can scarcely estimate the value of such a kirk as I have told you about—set down in such a locality.

We cannot enough commend the wisdom and energy which actuates the settlers, and impels them to plant a kirk in the middle of each settlement, like the lamp in the centre of a room lighting even its dimmest corners.

"A CANADIAN M.P."



A YOUNG nation has been rapidly growing strong, and developing a distinctive national character under our eyes, and we are scarcely aware of the fact, though it is an obvious fact. We are apt to name the Canadians "American," and we do not realise how much the great mass of them resent being identified with the "Yanks;" but, in truth, our brothers of the Dominion are as different (as a people) from our cousins of the States as we are ourselves, and it will not be without a fierce struggle that they will merge their nationality in that of Jonathan. King Commerce is not so absolute a monarch in Canada as he is across the boundary-line, and nothing less than the strong hand will compel her to accept annexation; therefore, if England stands by her, she will fight for her independence as firmly and as successfully as the States did for theirs.

It is somewhat surprising to note how short a time seems necessary for the full development of national character in Canada. Some scientists tell us that a human body is changed in every particle during the period of seven years, and that the form we inhabit at twenty-one is not the earthly tabernacle which was

our abode at fourteen. A process of that sort apparently goes on in the characters of those who settle in Canada; for at the end of, say, seven years, we find born Scandinavian, Celt, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon converted into patriotic Canadians, with traits belonging to no land but that of their adoption.

It may be interesting to follow in part the career of a Canadian gentleman (who may fairly be taken as an example of his countrymen of the cultured class), as, in so doing, we may realise more fully the well-defined lines of national character peculiar to the Dominion.

Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P. for Western Assiniboia, was born an Irishman, educated an English barrister, worked as a journalist, and is now, in the ripeness of his experience and manhood, a Canadian statesman! The natural enthusiasm and sentiment of the Irish character have been tempered and kept in "wisdom's ways" by his legal training. The mighty power of literature has expanded his views and enlarged his sympathies, so that he is no mere party-man in the Senate House of his adopted country. He is a patriot—in the truest sense of the word—and does not hesitate to throw the strength of his influence into whichever "side" seems to him to be honestly striving for the advancement of the nation. Thus, sometimes he has been called a "Trimmer." Houses of Parliament would be all the better of a few more such "Trimmers" and a few less factionists!

A Conservative in Canada does not mean what

embodies the term in England. We have no party in the State (at present) occupying the position which a Canadian Conservative holds, but if we took the best traits from our Unionist, Nationalist, Conservative, and blended them into one—into a Patriot who loves his country better than his place—we should get a legislator like the men who follow Sir John MacDonald at Ottawa.

Mr. Davin is one of these. He is entirely opposed to the proposed Unrestricted Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, because he can look far ahead; and, beyond the mere temporary commercial advantages of to-day, he sees a great and noble future before Canada as an independent State, with an individuality of her own. He believes that, if she has patience to wait for it, her future must be a far grander one, standing by herself, than it can ever be if she becomes merged in the United States.

He is opposed to Home Rule in Ireland on the extreme lines which coercion has provoked a down-trodden people to clamour for; but he desires for the old home of his birth "local self-government *as in Canada.*"

In an eloquent speech given in the House of Commons two years ago he said "The man who would try to make an Irishman feel that he is alien in the *British Empire* is either an ignoramus or a scoundrel. Therefore, if you want Home Rule, you cannot want it in contradistinction to alien rule, because you have Home Rule already, and for that reason I prefer the phrase local govern-

ment. . . I believe it would be a good thing to have a local Assembly that would give the Irish people the excitement of local politics, and would help to develop the country. . . I have often spoken to my countrymen on questions affecting Ireland, and they know well that I have never flattered them, for they know that I love them too well to flatter them. I prefer to tell them their faults, and for my part I do not care one straw whether my speech is popular or unpopular, provided I tell the truth."

These are brave and manly words, whether we agree with them or not, and it is well we should know some of the opinions of those who represent *the people of our colonies* on the question of our day, which can be discussed calmly at Ottawa, while raising nothing but party passions at Westminster.

Mr. Davin has written a book, "The Irishman in Canada," of which he says—"The scope of the book takes in some of the history of Canada, and tries to persuade Irishmen to forget Old World feuds and Old World misfortunes, and devote themselves to their adopted country." In all this, however, Mr. Davin does not fail to prove himself a true-hearted son of Erin. In that same speech from which we have quoted he says—"We live in a new country which emancipates us from Old World prejudices. In England and Ireland feudal structures anomalously linger in luxurious pomp or proud decay, and prejudices cling round them like ivy round the long-disused battlement. Under those circumstances a statesman like Lord

Salisbury, or any English statesman, may actually not have so good a standpoint from which to arrive at a just conclusion on political questions as have people who breathe the broader and freer air of this continent. I confess, from what we know English statesmen have done for Canada, we cannot feel that they are above the possibility of error, and looking back, as far as my reading of history goes, to the great names, as I suppose they will be called, the great statesmen who have ruled England, only three or four really understood how to deal with Ireland. . . The legislation of Mr. Gladstone, as I have said, was beneficent legislation, but it must be confessed it has not had a chance. . . For dark decades Ireland's soil has been wet with blood and tears; she has had a fearful baptism of sorrow for centuries. . . In every walk of life you find the Irishman doing his part in building up the Empire during these two centuries. There is not a quarry from which a stone has been taken to build up that grandiose structure, where you will not find Irishmen working side by side with Englishmen and Scotchmen; there is not a stone in the majestic edifice of the British Empire in which there is not the mark of the Irish chisel."

The deliberate and legal manner in which Mr. Davin brings hard practical facts and statistics to enforce his arguments, dressing them up in graceful language, and tossing them at his opponents as if they were sugar plums, is somewhat amusing, and speaks him a true Canadian, manufactured from the best elements of the Saxon and Celtic characters.

His refined and pleasing manners, ready wit, and unerring tact, all dashed with the poetic fervour of the Emerald Isle, are Irish, of course. The sound, common sense which has made him representative of practical, hard-working, prairie settlers is redolent of the new soil wherein he has planted himself—or, as he puts it—"Came to this country for my health, fell in love with Canada." It is always profoundly interesting to look back into the early life of public men, therefore, with Mr. Davin's permission, we give a few glimpses from his past. Born at Killinnane, not far from some of the loveliest scenery in the south-west of Ireland, as a boy he must have learned that keen knowledge of, and warm love for Nature, which have made him a poet.

His education began in the common country school, but though he showed great love of learning, and strong literary bias, he was bound apprentice to a steel manufacturer. But "bars of brass and triple steel" will not bind the soul of a born *littérateur*; so the hot-hearted young author ran away to Dublin, but was brought back again, and induced to wear the chafing iron belt a little longer. By good fortune—or God's guidance, we should call it—one who could sympathise and help aspiring genius heard the lad make a little speech. His blue, candid eyes, pleasing voice, and winning air no doubt added much to the interest raised, and the result was his good fairy put it in his power to receive a University education, and fit himself for a life somewhat beyond steel. He went

to Queen's College, afterwards "entered Middle Temple—called to English Bar Hilary Term."

After that comes a romantic and almost tragic episode. Mr. Davin went through the Franco-German War, on the French side, as correspondent for a leading English newspaper. It was at that time that he met Marshal MacMahon, of whom he says—"His face strongly reminded me of the face of an Irish gentleman. He had all the facial characteristics of an Irishman." It is interesting to hear in this way that "the great French general is the descendant of one of those men" who were driven out of Ireland by William of Orange.

Our Canadian M.P. was in his youth a daring rider. There is before me at this moment a stirring narrative of how he rode against "The Favourite" on one occasion when he was a mere stripling, and the jockey was unable to be at his post. The boy after a break-neck race won by half a head, and when (in later years) he tells the story, he ends it thus—"I doubt if anything I ever did in after life gave me as much pleasure as that. And the way I was received at home! By Jove!"

Well, that youthful daring nearly cost him his life, for near the close of the Franco-German War, when riding with the troops, he was thrown from his horse and picked up shattered, and I do not think Mr. Davin has done much rough-riding since that. It was when recovering from these effects of a war correspondent's romantic career that he went to Canada and remained there, "believing in and fighting hard for the North-West."

There is something very remarkable in the manner with which "strangers born" become enthused with the Canadian spirit. We do not see this in the case of naturalised Australians, or Indians, or Africanders—at least, it does not show itself so soon, or so markedly. One wonders whether the magic lies in the earth, or the air, or in the persons themselves!

I am tempted here to quote largely from a speech delivered by Mr. Davin the other day in "the House," because it gives such an admirable account of the progress made by the West-nor'-West since the opening of these territories by the C. P. R.

Mr. Davin's statements are backed by voluminous and undeniable statistics.

He said—"In making this motion I desire to occupy the time of the House for a few moments, and that the House listen, not to my words, but to the voice of what, without a figure of speech, may be properly called a New World. It has been opened up by you, and it is under your charge. It is some six years since that greater Canada was opened by a railway, a railway which not merely opens up that great Territory, but constitutes a highway for the world. It is a railway that realises the dreams of great and enthusiastic men. Lachine, near Montreal, marks the object of one, and the English Franklin aimed at doing, and gave his life in trying to do, what this great work has accomplished for the world. Now, sir, six years ago I witnessed the opening of the first North-West Council, not the first North-West Council held in the Territory, but the first

held at Regina. That Council was crude, but the succeeding years it did good work and laid the foundation of our educational and municipal systems, and our criminal and civil jurisprudence. At that time, Brandon, which is now a flourishing city, whence we get one of our ablest members of this House, the hon. member for Selkirk (Mr. Daly)—Brandon was crude, and I remember that my hon. friend welcomed us to a Tent Club. At that time, a little over six years ago, Calgary had no existence—it was merely Fort Calgary; Medicine Hat had no existence, Moose Jaw had no existence, and none of the flourishing little towns that stretch across the prairie now had any existence at that time. The prairie itself was practically virgin of the plough. Now it produces millions of bushels of grain, and we exported such quantities of grain the year before last as to almost embarrass the Canadian Pacific Railway. Not only so, but coal mines have come into existence, saw mills, flour mills, cheese factories, dairies. Ranching and horse raising are carried on to a very large extent, and the day is at hand when we shall have smelting and reducing works there; and there is no reason why, at this moment, we should not have tanneries flourishing in Regina, Moose Jaw, and Calgary. Every year at Calgary you have 10,000 hides and 3000 sheep-skins, so that tanning could be carried forward successfully. The Council has, within a short time, owing to the action of Parliament last year, grown into a Legislative Assembly. That Assembly sat last year, and I am only censing the language of persons who visited it

from the east, when it was in session, in stating that that Assembly need not fear comparison with any Provincial Assembly in the Dominion in the *personnel* of its members, in their intelligence, and in the interest they give to legislation. During that time the Minister of the Interior presided over the destinies of that country, and took a deep interest in its welfare, and it is due to him to say, that the educational progress we have has been largely due to the great interest he took in the Territory. I ask the attention of members of this House for that portion of the Dominion, because I think this House is pretty well sensible that in that vast and fertile region we have the solution of the difficulty in the way of Canada becoming at one day, however distant, a self-contained nation. As regards the settlers who are in that prairie region, I will say this for them, that there are not in the whole Empire men more calculated by reason of their intelligence, morality, and business qualities to lay the foundations of a great and prosperous community. They are all energetic, most of them reading men, some are cultured men, and there is no doubt whatever that the free and independent bearing which characterises the men in the North-West is due in part, possibly wholly, to their free surroundings. It may be that even the associations of the North-West have some influence on them. The associations of the North-West are of the most inspiring kind, for though a new land, it is a land which has historical associations of which people can never read or think without en-

thusiasm. Some 150 years ago Pierre Gauthier de Varennes traversed those very regions, and Forte du Pas, Forte du Grande Rapide, at the rapids of the Saskatchewan, Forte la Corne, and other places familiar to North-West travellers, are among the footmarks that are living yet. That prairie region alone contains 123,000 square miles, reaching up from the arid plateau of the Missouri to the forests of the Saskatchewan, and stretching from Manitoba to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. That whole region may be described as one wheat mine. There can be no doubt in the mind of any man who visited that country last year, that it is destined to be the great wheat-producing region of the future. My hon. friends from Hamilton visited the country last year. Both of them went north and south and saw what sort of a country was there. The correspondent of *The Empire*, Professor Dawson, visited the country, and probably some hon. members have read his letters about the country; but my hon. friends from Hamilton, with visitors from Ontario, at an earlier period, saw with wonder the extraordinary crops produced in that region. It is not merely, as I have already stated, a wheat-producing country. We have farmers in every part of the North-West who are also engaged in stock raising. If you go north of Regina or Moose Jaw you will find farmers who came in without \$100, as they will tell you, owning herds, with nearly their whole homestead cultivated. In the Qu'appelle valley you will find several herds increasing at an almost mathematical ratio every year, and horse

ranching south of Regina is most successful. I have here a pamphlet issued by the Regina Board of Trade. I will not trouble the House with the details contained in this pamphlet."

The speaker then gave a few quotations from the pamphlet to which he referred. One of these is particularly interesting. Mr. Davin says—

"J. W. Reynolds, eighteen miles north of Regina, advises young men to go to the country. He says—

"Yes, I like the country, climate good, health ditto; going to have school-house right on my farm; Regina and Long Lake Railway across corner of my land. Have oxen, ten head of cattle, farm implements, good frame house. Just threshed, wheat gone over thirty bushels to the acre, No. 1 hard at that, and no frost. I think this is the country for good practical farmers, would like to see every half section taken up, and have no hesitation in advising energetic young men to come here.'

"John McIntyre, a brother of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, who has a very large farm, gives similar testimony. Thomas Barton, an Englishman, whose farm I have visited, corroborates this. Mr. Barton's farm is certainly one of the most interesting places that one could visit, because it is a piece of England transferred to the wilds of the west. He has a cottage buried in flowers, and it is hard, when sitting in his parlour and looking at the wealth of flowers around you, to realise that you are in a cottage which was raised there five or six years ago when all was a wilderness around. Mr. Barton says—

“ ‘This year I invested in a threshing machine, and for the past month have been threshing in the district, and I can testify to the great productiveness of the soil. I have just got through at Mr. Henry Fisher's farm, where we threshed over 8000 bushels of grain. Wheat is yielding all the way from 22 to 42 bushels to the acre, and oats from 50 to 90, and in a few cases, on my own farm, for example, over 100. I find Regina a good market for all kinds of farm produce, grain, butter, eggs, pork, and fat cattle always find ready sale. As to how I like the country, I say first class. If a man works hard and is a good manager, he will get rich quicker farming than in any other country in the world that I know anything about. All branches of farming can be carried on, dairying, cattle raising, wheat growing. Large areas of land can be put under cultivation in a short time, and there is plenty of pasture to start as big a herd of cattle as a man likes. Don't think I have any more to say, unless I might add that this appears to me to be the right country for good, hard working men, who are living in the old country from hand to mouth. To all such I say, sell all you have and come out here and start over again. If you are not a practical farmer, you will soon learn, if you are willing to learn and willing to work. Hoping, gentlemen, you will succeed in getting us more neighbours.’

“ ‘Sir, I could mention case after case. There is a gentleman here at present, Mr. Carss, who was a Carleton farmer well known in this district, and he is now one of the most successful men in the whole North-West. He has a large herd and farms extensively. He is here at the present moment, speaking to his friends in Carleton, and giving them some idea of the Land of Promise where he himself has succeeded so well. A moment ago I spoke about the schools in the North-West, and I shall now refer to them

again. This House will be glad to know that in that new region opened up six years ago, we have 167 schools at the present time; the teachers are carefully examined, they require to have certificates just as your teachers have here; and, as I visited many of the schools, I can bear testimony to their efficiency. I would like to impress on the Government, and especially on the Minister of the Interior, that I really think a step might be taken further in the matter of education, and something done in the way of having a high school at some central place. The children that went to our ordinary schools six years ago have now grown beyond the teachers, and we ought to have a high school for them. I spoke to you a moment ago about that Assembly which has charge of so important a part of our interests. It has very wide powers now, and it is gliding into responsible government. That Assembly passed a number of memorials which it is desired should be brought before this House. The first relates to a subject which need not be impressed upon any hon. member: it is the necessity of opening up as rapidly as possible the Saskatchewan district by railway communication. I believe the Government have done their part in this matter, and that we shall soon have a railway opening up the Saskatchewan territory. It is a district of the North-West which is, if anything, more attractive than even our prairies along the line, because it is varied with hill and forest and stream, and the House will easily understand what an attractive

place for immigration it will be when a railway gives facilities for the ingress of immigrants and for the egress of the crops and products which they grow."

But Mr. Davin's sympathies are not limited to the Territory of which he is a representative. In his poem of "Eos, a Prairie Dream," we find him musing over Quebec—

"That city hoar
Which wears an old face in a world all new,
From whose high plain and storied citadel
Wolfe's glory streams for ever ;"

and with a poet's prescience he declares—

"This Gallic stream will play a noble part"

in the future of Canada, whose people he likens to the mighty St. Lawrence—

"A race which, gathering strength from divers founts,
Will—a majestic river—onward flow
Full-volumed, vast."

In the same poem he expresses a true man's feeling for the conquered—

"The Indian's doom should touch your heart. I've seen
Types disappear before. But kindnesses
On dying races, as on dying men, should wait."

I venture to think that the all-embracing sympathy which is characteristic of Irish folk, and which Mr. Davin has in a large degree, may, in a great measure, be responsible for the position and the influence he now holds.

His first public service was to edit a popular paper ; next to publish his book upon the Irishman in Canada.

After that he went to Washington to study the American system of industrial schools; then to Winnipeg to take evidence as to the best sites for such.

Presently the Indian question, which Mr. Davin had been deeply interested in for some time, engaged his closer attention, and he was called upon to report on the Education of Indians. His views are being "carried out to-day with some success" he modestly tells us. In 1881-82 he was Secretary to the C. P. R. Commission, and subsequently to the Chinese Commission.

Meanwhile numerous publications had come from his ready pen—"British *versus* American Civilisation," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "Thoughts on the Death of President Garfield," "Great Speeches," "Ireland and the Empire," "Home Rule," "Unrestricted Reciprocity," "Eos, a Prairie Dream, and other Poems" (first edition).

In 1883 he started the *Regina Leader*, an enterprising newspaper which will bear comparison with any localised journal. Then he took up the cause of the settlers, and fought their battles so well that they sent him to Parliament in 1887.

So much for Mr. Davin as a public character. It is the true, frank, warm-hearted, private individual who says—"Thank God for the Battle of Life;" "I am conscious how arduous is the task which is before me;" "For I have the utmost faith in Canada;" "I love the old land, of course, but I am now a Canadian heart and soul." "I am very fond of Scotch people. I like their thoroughness and sincerity . . . I like people I can lean heavy on and know they won't break."



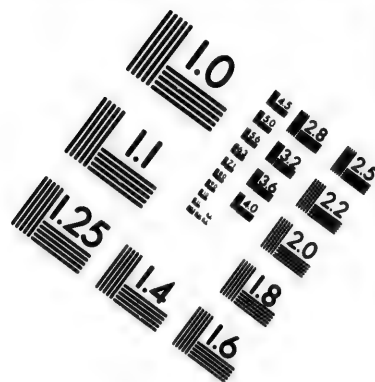
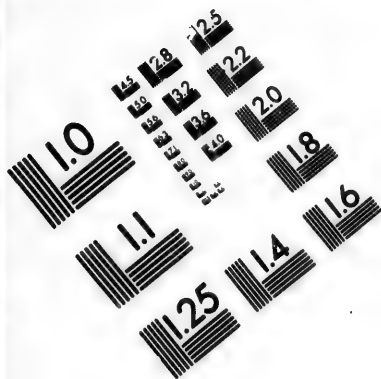
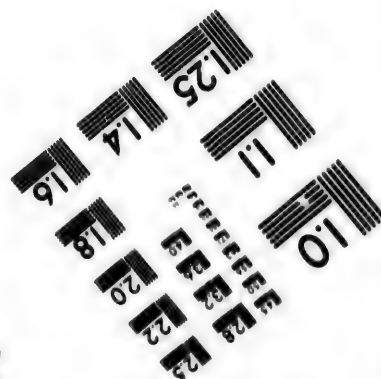
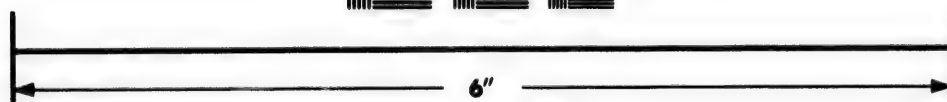
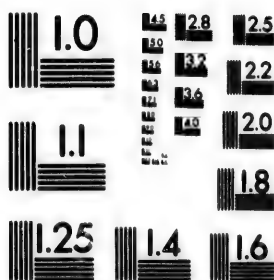


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The little volume of poems which has lately come from Mr. Davin's pen is—in a sense—unique, for it is “the first purely literary work printed and published in the North-West Territories of Canada.” This gives it an interest outside of its literary merits.

Indeed, we may accept “Eos, an Epic of the Dawn,” as a most promising prelude to that new literature of the West, which in its noon may eclipse *our* present so much-vaunted literature as much as the light of Canadian skies eclipses that of our cloud-veiled isles. A few years ago Regina was “a handful of shanties, tents, and log-huts.” Now it is a rapidly-rising city, one of the most important centres of Western civilisation; and it sends us a volume of poems, “redolent of the prairie,” written by an M.P. for the Territory, and containing a likeness of the author. This is truly creditable to “wild Assiniboia.” In a suggestive preface the author says—“I am a North-West man, and I think the cultivation of taste and imagination as important as the raising of grain . . . every step towards the creation of a Canadian literature tends to hasten the new and better era in whose advent I believe. . . . Many men engaged in active life as I am would shrink in our community from publishing verses; but to my thinking it is a duty to educate the people out of the narrow, not to say brutal view, that a man must be a mere specialist. In all times and in all countries the highest ability for practical affairs has been conjoined with versatility, and a Canadian politician need not fear an ignorant sneer.”

I do not desire to criticise here the poems, but would merely comment with pleasure on the fact that—like the work of all true poets—Mr. Davin's verses embody a democratic spirit.

The "national poems" have a "swinging ring" about them. "Young Canada," "a youthful giant, golden haired," is the sort of lad one loves; and the boys—

"For this young nation's peace and fame
Ready to do and die"—

are men one would like by one's side in time of war.

"Reconciled" is artistic; and "A Reverie" is simple, spontaneous, and graceful; but "An Epic of the Dawn" is *the* poem of the volume, characteristic of the North-West, as any one will recognise who has listened to the "bull-frog's weary canticle," "the whirl of insects loud on every side," "the prairie lark—that rocket of heart-glowing song;" or who has looked upon "the rippleless ocean of greenery," "the billowy breadths of golden grain," and all the other beauties of nature in that land where "the sun is a shekinah, the white snow an altar," and where "great Nature calls the soul to its God by the voice of those Falls." It is greatly to be desired that Eos, when she took Mr. Davin for that delightful morning drive across the skies, had talked less politics and a little more in his own prophetic strain when he says (it is the last verse in the volume):—

"I see a nation, young, mature, and free,
Step down the mountain-side,
To take her proud place in the fields of time;
And thou art she!"

This is not an over-coloured portrait, for it must be that many such men abound in Canada, which is drawing to herself the cream of the Old World nations. She has been drawing into her veins the best blood of Europe; and "blood will tell." There never was a young nation which started into independent life with finer auspices. We have never given any of our colonies the chances which Canada has got.

Australia and New Zealand have scarcely yet purged themselves from the scum of our prisons, and the refuse of our cities which we flung upon their shores in our mad greed for gold, and our incapacity for dealing with our social ulcers.

America still wears the marks of the chain we tried to rivet upon her young limbs, and she is weighted with the paupers and malcontents we continue to cast to her. India cringes to our sword. The Antilles languish through our neglect.

But Canada has been given "the pick" of our population—the industrious, honest artisan; the patient, sturdy farmer; the strong-brained man of culture; the earnest, God-fearing citizen; the pure-hearted lover of nature. With such material put in her hands, is it strange that Canada is moulding for herself men of men? Would it not be rather more strange if her people were anything less than the noblest upon earth?

OUR WESTERN LIMIT.

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"WEST, more west," seems to rule the instincts of the Scottish emigrant as it did those of the sea-rovers langsyne. Even in the North-West Territories I found men talking of British Columbia as a land of promise, with resources exceeding those of eastern Canada and the prairie lands. Perhaps its sea-coast forms the great attraction to the bulk of our islesmen, who prefer a free course on the waters to being hemmed in by sky-cleaving mountains and intractable forests.

The Canadians have not yet adopted the American belief that it is *we* who are hemmed in (by the sea), and the "lake-routes" are preferred to more direct "iron-roads." The restless Briton finds his ambition gratified only when he has reached the further side of the American continent, and can send his ships to traverse the Pacific and bring in the spoils of the East. He shortens distances after most amazing methods, and makes of the Western hemisphere an island!

British Columbia is "going up" very fast. A colonist from Vancouver told me that the price of land there had more than doubled itself within the last three years; and I found that a large proportion of the

emigrants from home do not halt till they reach our western limit. The tide of emigration has for some years been setting from the States to Canada, and the favourite part of the Dominion seems now to be its far, far west. One of my shipmates of the *Norwegian*, who has visited Australia and South Africa, as well as various parts of South America, and whose opinion may be of weight, writing from Victoria, B. C., says:—

“The resources of the country, so far as I can determine, are many, those principally engaged in at present being mining, both minerals and coal, and this industry I believe to be inexhaustible.

“The lumbering, or cutting of wood, at present a source of revenue to many, will come to an end, perhaps not soon, but it must do so at some future date.

“The destruction in this direction is immense, as large quantities are lost after cutting when floated to the mills to be manufactured. You saw how it was along the east coast when coming up the Gulf of St. Lawrence; it is the same here. The coast is strewn with ‘lumber’ of all kinds, from the largest to the smallest, and there are some large trees here, 4, 5, and even 8 feet being a not uncommon diameter, while the length will run from 100 to 150, or more, feet. The trees are like the hills, majestic, but will not, like the hills, remain. They are disappearing fast over the country, that is, of course, those which are fit for lumber, the smaller ones being allowed to remain till the land is required for agricultural purposes, when

everything goes down, *and is then burned*—that being the cheapest mode of getting rid of troublesome material."

The same deplorable waste of wood which my correspondent notes in Victoria I observed had taken place in Ontario, and other parts of Canada; and it is to be regretted that stringent laws are not in force to prevent such short-sighted foolishness. Of agriculture in Vancouver my friend says it "will never be the staple industry here as in the N. W. Provinces, where they have an unlimited extent of good soil only waiting the plough; here the ground has got to be cleared at an enormous expense, and there are only patches, comparatively speaking, which will repay the outlay."

Of the *mainland* of British Columbia, however, he adds—"Along the Delta of the Fraser River is a large amount of good land, which is being rapidly taken up by settlers and others for agricultural purposes. Enormous crops are raised there; the soil is damp, and there is any amount of heat to draw the crops up. Here on the island the climate is more dry during the summer, and the crops are not so certain.

"In other parts of the province it is only in valleys among the mountains where crops can be produced, and these only of certain kinds to suit the locality.

"Altogether I should say the *agricultural* prospects of British Columbia will never affect the interest of the world, and as a field of emigration for the agricultural classes at home I should never recommend it, though I know some have done well, but these came out in the

early days when land was of no value in the market, and they could settle down anywhere they chose—generally on *natural* clearings, where nothing had to be done but the turning over of the soil. Those who have come out and done well since have had capital at their back.

“One of the principal industries in the meantime is the salmon fishing and canning, which is a great source of revenue to the province, but I am told by some engaged in it that it is falling off in many of the rivers, owing, it is supposed, to over-fishing, or rather, I should say, to *bad* fishing, that is, by the peculiar manner of using their nets. In the rivers where they can get the nets laid across the ‘run’ of fish has been very light; in particular, the Fraser River, where large quantities of net are laid across and over the mouth. In others, such as the Skena, the run has been the largest on record, and the canneries have not been able to overtake it; that is, they have not had material to take advantage of all the fish that could be caught.

“In these rivers they cannot fish in the same manner as on the Fraser, the tide preventing them.

“I have no doubt that unless some legislature is fixed regarding the use of nets they will drive the salmon from the coast, as they did from Scottish shores for a number of years.

“There is another kind of fishing which is not much followed out, but which I maintain there is a great future for here, and that is the *sea-fishing*. But it *must* be backed by capital.

"Halibut are in enormous quantity all around the coasts, but these could only be utilised for the world's market by canning, as I do not think there is any popular manner of curing them otherwise.

"The cod-fishing is only in its infancy. Our north-east coast fishermen could not only make a good livelihood, but a great deal more, were a number to come out here and start this industry. I have heard of a vessel from the American side who has been up this coast a short time going back with \$20,000 worth of fish. The market is unlimited in the States, and the only drawback is that people coming to fish on this coast would have to reside on the American side and have the vessels registered there, so as to escape the duty in landing the fish.

"This province, and Canada generally, could only take a limited number, being already well supplied by the Indians on the coast, who take vast quantities of cod."

I was anxious that this gentleman—who has given a good deal of attention to botany and other branches of natural science—should send me some "notes," but he says that as yet he has not had time to give much attention to these.

"Of course," he goes on, "I could not help noticing the plants, &c., along the line of rail. I was charmed to see many old and familiar friends growing with a luxuriance seldom, or never, seen at home.

"The wild-rose, or common hip, grows in close thickets, covering many acres, and when we came along

showed a profusion of blossom beyond anything I had ever seen before. Broom also gave a magnificent show, and the rebus was seen blending amongst the other shrubs, many of which were strangers to me." (This was in early June.)

"Fruit of all kinds grows in profusion wild—strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries. Brambles are much more juicy, and of better flavour than at home.

"I have seen and tasted many other wild fruits, whose scientific names I do not know, but it is rather dangerous to go far into the woods after them, as the bears are also fond of berrying, and sometimes object to being intruded upon when they are busy on a fine patch."

Like all who have gone by the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies, my correspondent waxes enthusiastic over the scenery: "You lost the greatest treat one can ever have in mountain scenery when you left the line at Regina. . . . I can only corroborate all that has ever been written concerning the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the 'Rockies' and 'Selkirk' ranges.

"We entered the Rockies early in the morning before daylight, so that we were fairly in their midst before seeing them, and *then* we could only stare and dumbly wonder at the ever-changing and magnificent panoramic effects passing before us.

"One moment we were rolling along the side of a small burn, next a mighty river densely clothed with

vegetation and skirting the base of some mighty snow-clad mountain. The snow had only begun to melt, consequently all the natural water-ways were flooded almost to their full extent.

"To see and enjoy these regions properly, one would require to take it in stages, spending a few days at each of the good hotels provided by the Company along the route, the expenses of which are somewhat high for an ordinary purse.

"I think the Company would do a much larger trade had they a graduated scale in their charges to suit the abilities of various classes of people.

"Folk of limited means cannot afford to stay, at present, so long among the mountains as they wish—I mean those who have regard for scenery, and those who like to give their experiences to the world.

"I have no hesitation in saying this is the grandest scenery on earth.

"Should you make up your mind to come out here to see the place, you will have to leave your nerves at home; for rough as the route is along Lake Superior it is nothing to be compared to the 'mountain' part. Even after both ranges of mountains are passed, the 'Fraser River Valley' is equally awe-inspiring. I could write for months and still could give you no idea of the magnificence of the scenery; but I trust you will see it yourself at some future time."

I heard a good many complaints along the line, from emigrants, regarding the rough usage to which their baggage was subjected, and my British Columbia cor-

respondent has somewhat to say on that point, which it may be of use to mention.

"How my heavy box succeeded in reaching this place in safety I have no idea, but it did, and I am grateful to its maker (myself) for the care he bestowed in putting it together. Several boxes belonging to others who came along with me were smashed to matchwood, and their contents strewn over the platform. The only thing which will alter matters should be an opposition company with another line, when in the course of competition they would be compelled to take more care of personal baggage."

People coming straight away from the old country with all its luxury and comfort, and finding along the Canadian Pacific Railway *many* of the advantages of the home-civilisation, are too apt to forget that they are travelling through a new country, only beginning to assert itself among the nations, and that they must meet with many inconveniences. The Scottish sense of justice should be satisfied when warned of those discomforts, and so prepared to meet them! My advice regarding luggage to intending emigrants is to superintend the manufacture of their boxes, and blame the home-carpenter, not the Canadian Pacific Railway, for broken packages! As a rule, the boxes are too large, and cannot be handled carefully in the hurry of transit. A little less "saving" in the cost of packing cases would insure one's "household gods" along the Canadian Pacific Railway.

My friend Miss Violet Gillie of Edinburgh, who went out to our Western Limit, and is now located with her father and brother on their ranche, has furnished us with most interesting details of life in the province; and these have been supplemented by notes from Miss Macqueen, resident as a teacher in British Columbia. As the experiences of these young ladies differ entirely from those of the gentleman quoted above, I give a few extracts from their letters:—

“Canadian ideas on education and school-management differ widely from both American and Scottish ideas. We are mere copyists of our Ontarian contemporaries in our educational system, and this strong flavour of Ontario is very distasteful to teachers of more enlightened views who are labouring to train the rising generation of British Columbia.

“The rising generation of British Columbia! What a mixture they are, particularly in the interior. All nationalities, all shades of colour, and all kinds of minds—the making of a fine race.

“In the interior the salaries of teachers are excellent, the schools small, the people intent chiefly on money-making.

“On the teacher devolves the task of religious as well as secular education, and there is certainly excellent opportunity for the exercise of a ‘missionary spirit.’ One feature in the educational system deserving of praise is a regulation which obliges the teacher to pass examinations from time to time, so that there

is no chance for the teacher to allow his or her knowledge to decrease or stand still." . . .

"Ladies are rare and much-desired commodities!" Here is the sort of "proposal" which comes from a British Columbian settler:—

"Behold us, an anxious and lorn party of bachelors, waiting with eager hearts for our fate, and ready to welcome the women who will deign to come to our stock-ranches! You can take your choice of us—we are at your feet—our ranches, our cattle, our dollars, ourselves! We will carry all your cares for you, wash the dishes, prepare the meals, scrub the floors, &c., &c. We have done all this for ourselves in the past, and will gladly do that and more for *you*!"

Thus it appears that what I noted as the great necessity of the North-West is a yet more urgent want in British Columbia, and it is to be hoped that our *educated* working-women will follow their fathers and brothers to the west without delay and in numbers.

One of my informants says: "The children here need greatly the services of efficient teachers. Indeed the future of British Columbia depends largely on the teachers who come to it." The mothers, as a rule, are uneducated women. There are also a great many half-breed children, and the men say they need old-country women to "reform our morals, soften our hardening natures, refine our homes." Miss Macqueen says: "The majority of the men have been educated gentlemen, and they remember that. Nowhere does a lady receive such profound respect and deference

as in British Columbia; nowhere is an intelligent woman more appreciated and sought after."

Miss Violet Gillie tells us "as to modes of locomotion, the interior is now opened up to the travelling world, so the one old way of getting along is no longer necessary—I refer to the Indian cayuse and saddle.

"In the old times—that is, two or three years ago—ladies rode on horseback over the dreary stretches of plain, up the rugged sides of mountains, and through the scattered brushwood. When they came to rivers they were shot across on a rope in a large basket. It required genuine heroism to travel in British Columbia then! It still requires some heroism to climb a hill on horseback. But after you become accustomed to it—oh, the delight of a breezy ride over the stock-ranche—not 'after the hounds,' but hunting stock.

"Your stock-horse will of his own accord (so well trained is he) turn and re-turn and accomplish the desired end, if you leave him to himself. You may enjoy your ride, leaving the business that brought you out to your beast."

Miss Macqueen closes her interesting paper by saying: "British Columbia is an excellent field for teachers who are young, strong, and enthusiastic. The officials are uniformly kind and considerate, and the school-houses are, on the whole, very comfortable. The supply is almost equal to the demand, but the supply is of an inferior quality in most cases. Trained teachers are not plentiful, and greatly needed. The

great trouble is that lady-teachers marry so quickly that a school is continually changing instructors."

The urgent necessity for good education, and moral influences of a high kind, is emphasised by some allusions made to half-breeds: "A few half-grown 'Sitcomes' are attached to the majority of the ranches. 'How do they happen to be there?' you ask. Well—ahem! you know—you mustn't be too hard upon the solitary pioneers. It was the way of the place, and they did not believe white women would come out to settle among them:" so the custom came of bringing daughters of Heth into the white man's tent. "I confess," says one, "those of us who possess a brown-skinned wife in addition to the bright-eyed, lithe-limbed 'Sitcomes,' feel somewhat uncomfortable among those more fortunate men who are mated with women of their own race."

If those "Sitcomes" (that is half-breeds) are educated morally and intellectually they should become a useful portion of Canadian population. While they remain ignorant and degraded they are a power for evil throughout the Dominion.

We commit an awful sin in giving to an inferior race the strong physique, independent instincts, keen sense of justice, aggressive faculty, and energetic purpose of our blood, and withhold from it the intellectual training and moral restraints of our Spiritual Being which make the natural man something more than a brute. It must be that such half measures will bring trouble to those who mete them out; and the frequent "risings"

which have taken place in the States and in Canada go to prove this. These rebellions have originated—I am told—in every case among the half-breeds, not the Red Indians themselves. Surely the watchword of every colony should be “Educate! Educate!”

GREATER SCOTLAND.

A SCOTTISH gentleman settled in Victoria, British Columbia, has been sending me from time to time most interesting notes regarding that province, which was the last to join the Canadian Federation, but—as if to make up for lost time—is going ahead by giant strides and coming hand over hand after the older provinces, bidding fair to stand at the top of the tree before long.

I have before me a pile of clearly set down facts, gathered from many sources, which prove beyond question the amazing growth and the undeveloped resources of British Columbia. These more than confirm my correspondent's statements, but I prefer to quote from them, because the *living letter* of one you know and trust is always so much more interesting than official reports.

The gentleman to whom I refer has wandered over many lands, and is a canny Scot of the kind that takes nothing for granted, believes only in his own eyes, and thinks that to "tell the truth and shame the devil" is the duty of every man! I therefore give weight to

his opinions, and this is what he tells me of his adopted country:—

"The people keep pouring in here both from the old country as well as from Eastern Canada, while the States also adds its quota. . . . The population is a very mixed one. All the European races are well represented, and the Scotch especially so. Most of the old settlers are Scottish, for which I suppose the Hudson's Bay Company may have the credit, as they recruited the most of their forces from Scotland, the Highlands and northern islands, your own native ones" (the Shetland Isles) "having the preference. . . . A large part of the population is composed of Indians, and they really contribute not a little to the welfare of the province. They do the most part of the hunting for the fur-bearing animals, though white hunters are taking their place in the sealing schooners. The Indians also do the greater part of the fishing both on river and sea. They make, as a rule, good wages, and spend it freely in clothes and other necessities of life. Many have built snug houses for themselves, and very few days now pass that I don't see them purchasing doors and windows to put in houses they are building."

It has always seemed to me a sad, inexplicable thing that aboriginal races should die out before the conquering Briton. Why cannot we absorb the black, red, and yellow men by a gradual and kindly process, instead of stamping them out of their own lands with the iron heel of a master? We boast ourselves a Christian

nation, but we have not proved our Christianity politically when dealing with savages.

It would seem, however, that Canada has adopted a humane policy in dealing with the Red Indians, and her reward would seem to be coming fast. She is converting them into useful citizens. Although we have long since learned to doubt the existence of the "noble savage" of American romance, it is satisfactory to feel assured that the American Indians amalgamate much more readily with European races than do the nigger and the "heathen Chinees," and it is not only probable but likely that ere long we shall find portions of the Dominion largely peopled by a race whose blood has got strongly tinged by the blood of red men. And as powdered lava improves what the farmer calls *sour soil*, so will that infusion of Indian nature add something worth having to the Canadian character.

My rather intolerant correspondent speaks of the Chinese as "the curse of the country," especially since the States has prohibited their landing on any pretence on American soil, and he says, "would that the Canadian authorities would adopt the same stringent regulations."

The Chinaman does not spend a farthing more than the meanest wants require in the province, but sends all he earns off to celestial regions. The great grievance against John Chinaman seems to be that he will work and work well for half the money that a European expects to get, and believes he deserves; that he can live and thrive upon what would kill off a "white" in less than no time; and that he will not circulate

in the country where he lives the coin that country pays to him.

If these were the most serious charges against the "heathen Chinese" one would be inclined to smile; but it is evident "the curse of the country" works in worse ways. The Chinese smuggle quantities of "fire-water" into the province, and—in spite of strict prohibition—sell it to the Indians, who will give any price asked for the poison which is their ruin.

"Another complaint," says my correspondent, "is that the Government allows the Chinese to adopt their own habits and customs. Chinatown is situated right in the centre of Victoria, with houses occupied by Chinamen scattered all over it, and they are allowed to carry on all their vile practices, morally and physically, and sanitary, which they have been accustomed to do in their own country. This is really a standing disgrace, for all these acts are quite in opposition to our laws, and were a white man to do the same he would immediately be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. . . . It only wants one to see and understand the subject to make him just as rabid an anti-Chinist as myself! When John Chinaman gets orders to quit, the millennium of British Columbia will set in!"

To turn to a more agreeable topic—that of the fishing—Mr. M. tells me "the sea fishing is now an established success, so much so that a large company has been formed, and taken up lands on Queen Charlotte Islands on which to establish a permanent and extensive fishing station—the fish they intend to

prosecute being principally halibut and black cod. These both cure well in pickle, but do not so well dried, the latter especially being so fat. The former I have seen salted and smoked, and in that manner are delicious. . . . I am interested very much in this matter, and I should like to see a large number of our north-east coast fishermen out here earning a decent living for themselves, and at the same time laying past money. . . . I am firmly persuaded it can be done . . . the true, or Newfoundland cod, is to be had in any quantity . . . swimming around as thick as herrings. . . .

"The mining interest is to have a new and large impetus given it by the opening of new coal mines in Cornot, a district about 140 miles north from here, but on the island." Mr Dunsmuir,* the coal king, is one of the most prominent and remarkable men in British Columbia, and has risen from nothing. He is a Scotsman, and went to Canada many years ago. He "struck" coal twenty years ago; then set to work with a will, raised a company, opened up the mines, and was able in a very short time to buy out his partners, so that he has been running the coal mines at Wellington for many years entirely by himself, or lately assisted by his sons. He it is who controls the price of coals on the Pacific Coast; but vast as his business ramifications are at present, they

* I regret to say that later letters from the Far West brought news of this worthy man's unexpected death. The whole province was "in mourning" for its foremost man.

are nothing to what they will be in the future. The estimated "output" of the new mines is about 200,000 tons per annum. In fact, it is said he has a contract already for that amount with a company in the States. At present he is laying down "plant" by building rails from the mines to the shipping port, and raising large wharfs there, so that the largest vessel afloat can come under the shoots and load up. Of course, his Wellington mines have been in full swing for many years, and a large "plant" has been there for working them, but these are being added to every year. The mines seem exhaustless. "This city is going ahead rapidly. More buildings have been erected during the past summer than for many years previously; many are still building, while a great many are projected for the coming season; and a 'good time' is generally expected for Victoria."

They are getting up, I am told, an electric railway for the city and suburbs of young Victoria—we haven't such a thing in old Edinburgh! Several steam ferries are to carry trains to Vancouver from the mainland of British Columbia; we have fussed and boasted over our Forth Bridge, which isn't ready yet, for a period of ten years!

Mr. M. informs me that the opium traffic is becoming a terrible snare in some parts of the province, particularly among the Chinese. He affirms there are numerous opium-dens in Victoria, and he says "it does truly seem to me that the infernal drug which we forced down the Chinamen's throats at the point of

the bayonet is going to react against ourselves in a manner never even dreamed of."

White men and white women frequent these opium-dens, kept by Chinese; and the evil, if not speedily checked, may indeed prove a source of great misery to an otherwise prospering and aspiring province.

I have now told of the celestial cloud hanging over that fair land which is our Western Limit, and I gladly leave the China-cloud for the beneficent rain-cloud which, my correspondent tells me, ceased not to pour in immense quantity during the latter part of November. It was the needful and expected "dews of heaven." After that, he says, "we have had the loveliest weather you can imagine. Clear sunshine every day. Insects flying about; even butterflies seen in December; flowers and plants growing; strawberries blossoming and growing fruit; apple-trees in bloom. . . Later, no snow, but a clear, bright sunshine, with just an agreeable sharpness in the air."

My friend has sent me some beautiful sketches of scenery in our Western Limit, and when I look on those pictures of glorious mountain peaks and rushing rivers, and "shaggy woods," I seem to discover why the natives of our own "land of the mountain and the flood" have instinctively chosen British Columbia for their new home.

The island of Vancouver is to the Scot a giant Arran; and the mad Fraser River an enlarged Loch Fyne or Firth of Clyde. When he sails amid the isles of the Georgian Straits he seems to see his own Hebrides—

greater, but wonderfully like them. When he looks upon some deep, wild canyon, dipping into the heart of the earth, and fringed with sombre wood, or stern in naked rock, his thoughts are of Hawthornden and the Pass of Killiecrankie.

In every mighty mountain and winding lake he finds a vaster Scottish ben and loch.

On the wave-washed shores of our Western Limit he helps to establish maritime cities and fishing villages, which remind him of Leith, Greenock, Aberdeen, and Wick; Musselburgh, Findon, Troon, Dundee, and the great Queen of the Clyde.

The voice of the Pacific sounds in his ears like the call of his northern seas, and the instinct of his old sea-king blood bids the Scot to seek his living on that mighty Western Ocean just as it bade him launch his boat fearlessly on the Atlantic of his native shores.

This is why British Columbia has been, and will yet be more and more, a Scottish colony. "From the very threshold of British Columbia," says an eloquent writer, "she offers wealth and beauty, and her fertile soil, unplanted by man, is yielding some of the finest timber the world produces, whilst her seas are simply crowded with sources of wealth. She is the twin-sister of the Canadian North-West; each is the complement of the other, each possesses her own special attributes of character and sources of wealth, and jointly they constitute a priceless addition to the Dominion's power."

WOMEN WANTED.

IN Britain one of the most urgent social difficulties is what to do with our surplus women—how to provide for them, how to find remunerative employment for them. In Canada one of the most urgent social difficulties is how to persuade women to come there, how to get along without them. In Quebec, in Winnipeg, in Regina, everywhere, I was told the same thing. "Oh, if respectable women from the old country would come out West!" "Do persuade girls accustomed to domestic service to emigrate." "We can take them by shiploads, and find good homes for every one at once." At Quebec, Mrs. Corneil, of the Women's Protective Immigration Society, and the agent for the Women's Christian Association, told me the same thing. "Girls needn't go West; we can employ numbers *here*." "I have at this moment application for over seventy servants (British)." Wages in Quebec, Montreal, &c., range from seven to ten dollars a month. Trained cooks may command over twelve dollars (that is, about £2, 10s.). It should, however, be borne in mind that the conditions of "life" in the older and eastern provinces are very much the same as those which rule

social life in Britain. Many girls who cannot pay their way further take service in Quebec and the neighbouring cities, for six months or a year, until they have saved enough to carry them westward ho! When they reach the prairie lands of promise they are in a woman's paradise. They may ask any wages they please, and will get them if they are efficient workers and of respectable character. Girls I conversed with in some of the western towns told me they got from twenty to thirty dollars. "But that's not so much. A good cook gets over forty dollars a month." The women's duties are light compared with those of servants in Britain. Generally the men do all the heavy and dirty work, scrub the floors, fill the water-cans, carry wood for the stoves, wash the dishes, and so on. Servants on farms are admitted as equals into the family life. It is by her own choice that a "nice little woman" remains single out there—not for want of good "offers." She may choose her mate from a race of able, prosperous, handsome men. It is refreshing to eyes accustomed to the tired, anxious faces, and listless or stilted gait of the average Briton, to look on those manly Titans of the West. *They* are Britons; yes, but Britons of larger body and larger heart than those at home. There is a freedom of gait, a heartiness of manner, a hopefulness of expression, a frank courtesy, a liberal-mindedness which impressed me very profoundly. You feel that here is a race of men who *must* be winners in life's battle, and who can keep what they win "by the might of a good strong hand."

The few women one meets look happy as can be. Little wonder! They are cared for with a chivalry and tenderness which cannot fail to bind the feeble sex in willing chains.

The want of home life is keenly felt as a very great calamity by those western settlers. They envy such of their number as have been fortunate enough to induce sister, wife, or mother to come and "keep house." All would gladly do likewise. There seems about one woman to every fifty men, and I believe the old country could confer no greater boon upon this fine young nation than by sending it thousands of our girls to soften and sweeten life in the Wild West. The want of feminine influence tends to make the men (so they acknowledged) restless, dissatisfied, reckless, and godless. A Canadian gentleman of influence and education said: "Better even than money—and, goodness knows, we need capital badly—should be a cargo of home-loving girls." Mr. Fowler, agent for the "C. P. R." at Regina, told me that if some women—"any number"—will come out West, he can promise they shall be looked after well, and shall find employment at once. Mr. Davin, M.P., said much the same thing. I may mention here that I had a very pleasant and interesting interview with Mr. Davin. He had just returned from a meeting of Parliament at Ottawa, and had his hands full of business, but was none the less ready to give me full information and a "patient hearing." He was at much pains to explain the reason why Regina must become one of the great centres of

western commerce ere long. It is growing with that wonderful speed which is so characteristic of all forms of life—vegetable, animal, national, social—in the glorious West. Mr. Davin is cultured and far-seeing, and I do not doubt he “speaks as wise men speak, knowing that which shall be.” He told me of girls who had come out as servants, and who are now married to wealthy leading men, and who are taking their place at Ottawa among those assembled to do honour to our Queen’s representative! I asked him if another class than servant girls could find employment in Canada—educated girls who at home go out as lady-helps, nursery-governesses, telegraph clerks, shop girls? “If they can perform *domestic* duties, yes,” was the answer; “*these* would probably find ‘permanent employment’ very soon!” “Permanent employment” of course meant matrimony, and I was very glad to find that the West-nor’-West does not look upon marriage as a failure. I am old-fashioned enough to believe somewhat in the simple plan which satisfied our fathers and mothers—the loving clasp of man and wife, joined till death part, for the benefit of posterity, and because mutual love and mutual necessity require their union; therefore I was glad to learn that those “Prairie-dogs” fervently desire to wear the bonds of wedlock. The difficulty, however, is the want of women—as I have already said—and I should like to add a few words on the subject of female emigration.

When a new country is being opened out we send our men only to do it; feeling, and perhaps rightly,

that women are not able to meet the hardships of pioneer-life. But we go further than that; we don't let our women join the men even when the *first* difficulties are overcome. We are content that the stronger sex should toil on in their new settlements, uncheered by feminine society and feminine ministrations, while the women are supported at home by the proceeds of the emigrant's toil. For why? Certainly *not* because sister, wife, and mother in the old country prefer old country luxury to the society of their men, but because an entirely exaggerated belief regarding the trials and dangers and hardships of colonial life has been propagated among us; and yet more because we have fixed and erroneous ideas regarding the nature of those trials, dangers, and hardships to which our women would be subjected if they shared the life of the prairie and backwoods man.

It seems terrible to us that our girls should have to cook the food, knead the loaves, mend and make garments—be, in short, their own domestic servants and tradespeople! Such hard work! Our girls are not strong enough for it! Yet our girls are able to climb mighty Alps, and play lawn tennis for half a day. They can dance, and skate, and ride, and row with tireless energy. They can spend hours on hours stitching fancy work. It spoils their hands to do a little kitchen work at home, but they never mind scrubbing church brasses, and kneeling on cold stones at the bidding of a parson.

Oh! it is more than time we fling those shams on

one side, and declare selfishness to be at the root of the matter. It is absolute selfishness that prevents a proper proportion of our women from going out bravely to work with the men in building up those grand young nations of which Britain is so justly proud.

But the selfishness reacts upon ourselves. We have far too many women in the old country, and the result to them is trials, dangers, and hardships of a kind more pitiful, more appalling, than if we exposed them to the worst inconveniences of pioneer-life in a colony.

I am speaking, of course, of the educated middle class, the women who cannot hire themselves as domestic servants at home because of losing caste, therefore have to go out into the world (if they wish to live honest, independent lives), and struggle for a living in less safe ways than that of domestic servants. How many fail, God only knows. One thing *we* know, and it should make us cry out, "Any toil, any simple country life in far lands, rather than that;" we know that the lost, forlorn women who throng our cities are recruited from our educated middle class far more than from the lower orders.

It is not the domestic servants who have the hard lot in our land. It is the domestic servants we need, and have not enough of. Yet it is *they* we are sending to the colonies by thousands; and it is they who become the wives of our sons and brothers there. The men "out there" must, and will, marry if they get a chance,

and since we do not encourage our educated, refined girls to go to those lands where men need helpmeets, of course the men take what they can get.

Thus a settler, born and educated a gentleman, has to marry "beneath him," or continue the "batching" (bachelor life) which is so hateful and demoralising to him.

I don't want our girls to be sent out to the colonies in search of husbands. Certainly not! But I want them to believe that the home duties, the domestic service, which they cannot, or will not, do at home are neither degrading nor exhausting; and that if they will but fling the prejudices of caste aside, and say honestly and bravely, "I want to earn my own living," they will find happy homes glad to receive them in Canada, North-West.

One lady said to me: "*We must* treat our servants as our equals, or they won't stay; and it is not agreeable, as you may suppose, to live on such terms with an ignorant, coarse-minded woman of the lower orders. How thankful I would be if a girl in my own position would come and be my help. There are scores of ladies in my position who would thankfully receive such girls." I ask any young woman who has been snubbed and cuffed about as our nursery governesses, our mothers'-helps, our female clerks, are, if her lot would not be a happier one, in the farm of a Canadian settler, doing the duties of a daughter, and eventually finding a "man to her mind" among her neighbours there?

The point I should wish above all others to make clear is this matter of *hard work—degrading service*.

We are shocked to think of a gently-nurtured woman riding over the ranche at the tail of a herd, doing the work of a cowboy; but we are rather proud to claim acquaintance with a lady who follows the bands, and has even ridden with troops, as newspaper correspondent. In the towns—as I said—women's duties are light, but on the farms of course they have to work harder.

"How dreadful!" one exclaims, on learning that a prairie farmer expects his wife to wash his clothes—even to make them. "How good of her! how noble!" the same individual says of a lady who takes to "slumming" in our foul city dens. "Think I'd let my girl go where she would have to carry milk pails!" Yet the watchful mother who utters such words does not consider the other mother's daughter who stands all day long behind a counter, lifting heavy bales, and breathing a poison-atmosphere, whose duties are far harder physically than those she would be called to do upon a Western farm. I wish our women would consider more the absolute duty laid upon them in this matter. We have no right (we women) to encourage our sons and brothers to go away in quest of fortune, if we are not willing to follow them and share their life—whatever it may be. We have no business to let them go from all the sweet, ennobling influences of home life. Emigration must languish and not work on satisfactory lines, while men go by fifties and women

by units. If the mother, sister, daughter, sweetheart, wife, cannot go *with* the men, they should certainly follow at an early date, should never contemplate retaining the old home when its best element is withdrawn; their first duty should be to follow the men! Somebody has said, by way of satire, "Woman came after man at the beginning, and she has been after him ever since!" Perhaps if we looked into things more than we do, and insisted upon calling a spade a spade, we should acknowledge that a profound and wholesome truth is in that little joke.

I believe that not only has woman been after man since the beginning, but that she was created for that very purpose, and it is her duty to follow where he goes!

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It may be useful to append *here* a letter I sent to *The Scotsman* after my return home, also communications from the *Canadian Gazette*, *Manchester City News*, and *Regina Leader* on this subject of female emigration:—

"SIR,—I have received a great many letters and visits of inquiry on the subject of female emigration to Canada, and although very glad to help in this matter, I find it quite impossible to attend to all those inquirers; therefore give here the addresses of such persons as, I doubt not, will answer fully all questions:—

"The Women's Protective Immigration Society, 141 Mansfield Street, Montreal.

"Mrs. Corneil (agent for above Society), Quebec.

"Women's Christian Association, 120 St. Ann Street, Quebec.

"Mr. W. C. Van Horne, Vice-President C. P. R., Montreal.

"Mr. L. A. Hamilton, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg.

"Mr. W. C. Fowler, Agent C. P. R., Regina.

"My brief visit to the Far West conclusively proved how easily women may make the journey there; and I hope that though I, as a private individual, with little leisure time at her disposal, cannot undertake to direct all those anxious to emigrate who apply to me, they will yet believe that I am profoundly interested in their doing so, and am sure success depends upon themselves. The secret of 'getting on' in a new country lies in casting off the trammels of old-world habits, and in learning quickly to be 'in touch' with novel surroundings.

"There are rough places to be gone over in Canada as well as in Britain; but there is elbow-room in the new world, and no danger of being trampled under foot by jostling crowds. But let it be well remembered that earnest endeavour, ready hand, and quick wit are necessary to all success. Folks must *work* abroad as well as at home, but I apprehend individuals will have themselves to blame if they are left behind on Canadian life-roads.—I am, &c.,

"JESSIE M. E. SAXBY."

The *Canadian Gazette* says :—"Mrs. Saxby's remarks on the subject of female emigration to Canada have called forth a valuable suggestion from a correspondent of the *Manchester City News*. There is no doubt of the superabundance of women in the United Kingdom, and the great need of them in Canada. Could not a few friends of the female emigrant do something in the way here suggested?—A 'Canadian Registry Office,' on similar lines to those in use at home, would, I think, supply the need, and that without the much-talked-of State aid or public subscription, as it would be a self-supporting institution in constant work. We will suppose a servant pays a small fee to be placed on the list of applicants which is despatched weekly to the Agent's Registry Offices in Canada (say at Quebec, Montreal, and Ontario), with a full description of age and experience, and a photograph where possible. This would at once provide Canadians with an extensive list from which to select a servant when they needed assistance, and would be a boon to them as well as to the servant. Care could be taken to include only respectable persons, and judgment used in selecting good homes for them, whilst the cost of passage would be in most cases secured, or a deposit obtained for the emigrant. They would always have the office to go to for information, and they could learn there when ships were sailing with suitable company for the voyage out. If a few ladies, interested in philanthropic work, could devote a few hours each week, a useful, inexpensive work would be the result."

As will be seen by the following announcement, the *Regina Leader* is ready, free of charge, to help in the solution of the problem for the Territories:—

THE "LEADER" REGISTRY OFFICE FOR THE TERRITORIES.

"We have made arrangements in England whereby we shall get the names of good female servants wanting places. Any lady in the North-West who wants a servant can write to *Leader* Office, Regina, giving name, wages, &c. This will be registered by us free of charge. In the same way any young woman in England, Scotland, Ireland, or any part of the Continent, can send us her name, which we will register. Those desiring places and those wanting helps can thus be brought into communication. This will all be done free of charge.

"The central position of Regina will make it a convenient place of registration. We will, without giving names (unless desired), advertise the places vacant and applicants free of charge.

"Farmers and families who would like to have a young woman as a member of their family will please say so.

"It is desirable that young English, Scotch, or Irish girls should send photographs. This is not an absolute necessity, but copies of their 'characters' from former places, or from their clergymen, must in all cases be sent.

"Old country papers will please give prominence to this offer on our part. Old country girls can

address us in English, French, German, Italian, or Scandinavian. Address—Registry Department, *Leader*, Regina, N. W. T., Canada."

A correspondent in *The Lady* writes:—"The positions of comfort and independence which many of our *servants* obtain in colonies are to be envied, and should—as they would be better graced by them—be secured for our *daughters*. I also hold that, progress being the law of nature, we are inverting that law by trying to force our daughters into positions to which they were not born, and which they cannot occupy *here* without losing caste; and allowing positions which they could hold with credit in the colonies to be secured by their inferiors both as to birth and education.

"Many parents should be glad to send their girls, shivering on the brink of want and its inevitable consequences, to the colonies, where their services would be amply repaid, and where a new, bright, happy life would await them."

AN EFFICIENT CORPS.



It is said that no finer bodies of men (considered from the points of discipline, courage, and personal appearance) exist than the Cape Rifles, the Irish Constabulary, and the Scottish "reserves;" but it would seem that the Mounted Police of Canada North-West will bear favourable comparison with even these picked forces.

They have to perform many of the frontier and pioneer duties of their South African congeners, and in daring they are abreast of those rough-riders of gentle blood.

Their discipline and intelligence equal those of the London and Dublin police, while in physique they are ahead of the Naval Reserve men, drawn from the *elite* of our Cockenzie and Shetland sailors, whom the Duke of Edinburgh designated "the finest set of fellows" he ever saw.

The Mounted Police of Canada is quite a military body, wear the red coat of Her Majesty's soldiers, and go through all the drill and official routine of ordinary barrack life and somewhat more.

A "headquarters" which I saw from a little distance was a collection of wooden buildings formed in a great

hollow square, and gave me the impression (as all wooden buildings do impress the Briton) of being mere temporary erections. Another lady, who made a closer inspection than I did, says—"The low, long wooden buildings, forming a hollow square, remind one from a little distance of the pictures of pioneer defences in the primary readers of one's school-days. Nearer the resemblance disappears. The houses are taller, though everything looks squat on the prairie, are neatly built of 'framed' instead of 'log,' with bits of verandah in front of the officers' quarters, and look as if modern lares and penates might be found within. There is a bandstand in the middle too, and on one side a hall which serves the double purpose of chapel and theatre, luxuries which the pioneer dispensed with."

Think of that! Preacher and player exercising the functions of their professions under one and the same roof! When shall *we* reach that height, or depth, of enlightenment?

So much for the habitat of a unique corps. The Canadian Government is quite alive to the importance of maintaining the Mounted Police according to its well-earned high character.

There are always plenty of first-class men desirous of entering the force; and many romantic tales were told me of young "Honourables," artists, medical students, and the like, who had come from Europe, sick of its worn-out civilisation, longing for a freer and manlier life, and who had joined the Mounted

Police. This has naturally led to a false report, which credits the force with being a refuge for prodigal or recalcitrant sons; but that is a calumny. A great proportion of the men are drawn from the most educated and respectable families, and who have always been respectable members of society; those who are high-bred gentlemen are *not*—like so many of the Cape Mounted Police—ne'er-do-weels, and the consequences are “that a larger proportionate number of officers have risen from the ranks in this than in any other military or semi-military body in the world. Each commanding officer selects from his division of one hundred men such as seem to him best qualified for promotion; the order of seniority in the service, other qualifications being equal, is rigidly respected.”

Those who studied carefully the story of the half-breed Riel’s “rising” will remember what noble work was done by the Mounted Police, what moderation they showed, and yet what prompt, severe action, controlled by calm and clear-eyed justice! A very good story regarding that stirring episode was told me—for its entire truth I cannot vouch.

A notorious half-breed was captured, conveyed to the town, tried, and condemned to death.

But legal difficulties were raised, and it became whispered abroad that he was to be conveyed to Lower Canada for a fresh trial. There he was sure to meet some sympathy and help from the United States, whose policy it often seems to be to foment differences in the Dominion.

A deferred trial in such circumstances and in these parts frequently means reprieve; and the Canadians felt that the ruffian, who well deserved his doom, might escape it if his execution were much longer delayed. Many of the settlers in that territory had volunteered, and given valuable assistance to the Mounted Police in quelling the disturbances and meting out justice to the rebels. These men were not disposed to allow legal or official "pottering" to interfere with the sentence which they approved, and which their military constabulary approved.

The settlers went in a body and harangued the authorities. "Look here," said the spokesman, "you're going to hang that brute *before* he leaves this place. After that you can take him where you please."

They stuck to it, and to the place, till the ruffian was strung up before their eyes. Then the settlers returned to their houses, saying with grim humour, "They can take him down to the Yanks *now* if they like!"

Some thirteen years ago there was a horrible massacre by Indians in the States. The red men receive very brutal treatment, as a rule, in the States—a marked contrast to that which is meted out to them in the Dominion. "Six hundred lodges" (I am told) "of Sioux escaped to Canada, and remained, flushed with the bloody victory of Custer and quarrelsome in their alien conditions. For eight years their entire management devolved upon the police, and it is vastly to the credit of the handful of men that composed the force then that order was thoroughly maintained.

Their success with the American Indians *then* stands them in good stead now, and it is very doubtful if double the number of regulars stationed along the line would form the same check upon marauding bands from the other side.

The Indians of the North-West have never known any other authority than what is vested in those large-limbed, keen-eyed, determined men, armed with rifle and revolver, mounted on sure horses, powerful to defend, swift to avenge; and I think even a mob of desperate starving Englishmen would fall back (as do the cringing redskins, the treacherous half-breeds, the lawless renegades of a young colony) before the Mounted Police of Canada North-West.

Horse-stealing and cattle-"lifting," which were everyday occurrences, are rarely heard of now that the police are scouring the prairies and patrolling the boundary lines with a vigilance which nothing can escape. The thief is paralysed, for he knows that as soon as the settler reports his loss to the police the sleuth-hounds are on the track, and will run the "reiver" to earth ere long.

Several of the Mounted Police rode upwards of a thousand miles in the capture of a murderer in eighteen days. They were never under cover during that time. They slept in their blankets on the ground, and carried their food with them.

I saw four of the men ride out from a police station on some important duty. I do not know whether they belonged to the regular force or were auxiliaries. They

did not wear the smart red jacket and white helmet, but were dressed somewhat like Garibaldi's men, in loose shirt and slouched hat, knickerbockers and leather leggings. Blanket, canteen, rifle, &c., were "fixed" fore and aft on the Mexican saddles. The horses were dark bays, full of power and action. Round the men's waists were stout leather belts, from which I noticed various ominous-looking weapons project, and as they rode past the window where I was, one stuck a revolver in a more convenient position to his hand in the belt—a most suggestive action.

They were grave men these, bronzed and brawny, quite in the prime of young manhood, and as they passed on I thought of Arthur's doughty knights riding forth

"To break the heathen and uphold the Christ."

I question if those revered "Sirs" did better service in their day than the plain "bobbies" of our century do! A patrol system, cleverly arranged and energetically carried out by the Mounted Police, keeps the Indians in order, and prevents the settlers from encroaching upon the privileges which a conciliatory Government gives to the ancient owners of the soil.

It may not be generally known that "until the Indian Department was formed the Indians looked to the police superintendent for food, for ammunition, for farm tools, for advice, for protection from one another. Thus the hand that punished also fed and guarded. In this way the police acquired an influence among the

Indians which they have never lost, and which civil authority or military command would be decades even in approximating." Indeed, I gather from various authentic sources that the police have in their keeping "the maintenance of peace and 'prohibition' between the Indians and the settlers, and the Indians and themselves."

Prohibition (of intoxicating liquors) could not be carried out as it is in the North-West without the vigilance of the police. Cases of drunkenness in the force itself are very rare. Small wonder! A heavy fine and imprisonment follow the first lapse; a year in confinement and final discharge is the fate of the man who ventures on getting drunk more than twice!

The men undergo a very careful examination before enlisting, for only strong constitutions can stand the severe drill and duty of the life.

Those who pass the medical overhauling seem able enough and willing enough for their position; and certainly they satisfy the nation whose guardians they are as much as they please the eyes of women, who are very good judges of what constitutes a "wise-like chiel."

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—ANNEXED.

A FEW years ago—for decades count as “few” in the growth of nations—Mother Britannia weaned a fair and promising infant, and turned it into the day-nursery to share pot-luck with her other children.

They are a roystering, troublesome brood, and Britannia’s attention has necessarily been so much given to enforcing obedience, teaching the rudiments, cooking the victuals, patching the garments and squabbles, that she has not found much leisure to study the individual characters of her progeny, or to mark the changes wrought by time in the physique of each.

She has been obliged to content herself with knowing that all were apparently progressing, healthy, and likely to do her credit some day. Occasionally Britannia has found time to pet one child, or praise another; and the fair and promising infant Canada she has taken special notice of once or twice. She has even remarked, “Bless me, how that girl grows, to be sure!” Yet “that girl” has remained a child in her mother’s sight—as daughters usually do, even when tomboy angles have given place to the graceful

cushiony curves of womanhood, even when the maiden's full-grown, stately limbs lift her eyelids above the level of the matron's cap.

Thus, while the mother has been engrossed with household cares, the daughter has been growing at a most astonishing rate. She has been to school, and to Girton. She has dropped her toys, and closed her lesson-books. She has coiled up her girlish locks, and become shy of promiscuous kissing. She has cut her wisdom teeth, and donned the ample robes of womanhood. She has of a surety "grown up," and now stands before her proud and somewhat astonished mother a grand, beautiful creature, with a proposal before her and matrimony impending!

If Canada were constituted like the women of fifty years ago, who screamed when a spider ran over their skirts, and fainted at a pin's scratch; who thought a lady degraded herself when she strove to earn her own living by honest work; who applied opprobrious names to those of their own sex who ventured to compose a lyric, or cross a room without the support of a gentleman's arm—if Canada were like our grandmothers she would thankfully accept an offer of marriage, would meekly exchange her name for that of a well-to-do suitor, would slavishly give into a master's grasp herself and all her possessions, and become nothing more than the household drudge of Jonathan.

But Canada is made in another mould. She is the typical woman of To-day. She has found that "the

strong working-hand makes strong the working-brain," so she has exercised her muscles and her intellect, until she has proved them to be as useful as those of her brothers, and quite equal in power to those of her cousin Jonathan, whose main point in pleading his suit is that she, being the weaker vessel, stands in need of a protector, a bread-winner, a masculine adviser!

Canada does not believe that she *is* the weaker vessel, and feels herself as capable of earning a good living for herself as any man on earth. She has plenty of resources within herself, and does not desire to relinquish her freedom in exchange for the doubtful privilege of dandling Mister Jonathan's babies!

In her independent Girton-girl style she has resolved that she will never merge her identity in that of any man. Her marriage, she has determined, shall be one of perfect equality, of as much benefit to the wife as to the husband.

Being a woman of To-day, she believes she can enjoy life, can be as honoured and prosperous, in single blessedness as in ill-assorted wedlock.

Canada has grown up in familiar cousinly acquaintance with the gentleman whose proposal (which he styles "unrestricted reciprocity") lies before her, and she has therefore learned more of his real character and intentions than lovers usually allow the ladies whom they woo to note.

She has observed his admiration to be tinged with jealousy, and his promises qualified by conditions

opposed to the spirit of equity embodied in our "Married Woman's Property Act."

She is keenly aware that "Convenience" outweighs Love in his mind, that he desires her worldly advantages more than herself, that he is conscious she will soon "cut him out" in the world's markets if he does not secure his salvation by annexing her. All this she knows right well. So the fine creature—conscious of her own power, and assured of Mother Britannia's support—looks fearlessly in Jonathan's face and lets him know her mind regarding his proposal.

In her House of Commons, Ottawa, through the medium of one of her leading men, who tempers Celtic eloquence with Saxon wisdom, Canada speaks; and we give a few detached quotations from the exhaustive speech of Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin:—

"The proposal which we are here discussing is one that intimately concerns the well-being of Canada. Yes, indeed, it intimately concerns her well-being whether we shall adopt the views of those gentlemen who desire unrestricted reciprocity, or go on in the path of progress and expansion, confident in our future. . . . How very inconsistent it is that we should be asked to go into that protected-to-death country" (the United States) "by free traders. . . . If a citizen of Canada pays heavy taxation *now*, what would he not have to pay if this country joined the United States; because by a parity of reasoning you have to put on the duties . . . if you take goods from the States, you have to add the duty in *their* port of entry. . . . I will say here that there is no man living whose heart beats with more pride than does mine at sight of the British flag, but my first duty is to Canada . . . and it is because it is our first duty that we

support a protective policy. . . . Let me say about this matter of loyalty that it is not merely a sentiment, and I hope there is not a man in this House that would sneer at sentiment, and it is a most practical thing our loyalty to England. . . . If we were to make such a treaty as those gentlemen would have us make with the United States, what would happen? It would have to be inaugurated by Congress, according to the constitution of the United States; . . . Congress cannot merely inaugurate. It can modify a treaty. . . . Why, we know well that in regard to any instrument that the United States authorities had put their seals to, and that the plenipotentiaries representing Canada and England had put their seals to also, the Lion of England would look on and see that it was observed. *Then* we should find that loyalty was a practical thing. . . .

"That lion is as powerful as ever he was in any arrangement that we may make, so long as we are true to our position as members of a great Empire: we have the power of England to see that we are not handicapped, and that our agreement is carried out by the other side. But suppose we have a reciprocity treaty such as some advocate. . . . what will be the result? We have admitted the United States manufactures free, we have discriminated against England, we have discriminated against our fellow-colonists of the Empire, and we have discriminated against the whole world in favour of the United States; and the United States, after a few years, says to us, 'You must put up your tariff to the same height as ours.' We might demur and say, 'This is not in the agreement;' but they will tell us, 'Congress is going to take that course, and you will have to follow suit.' And suppose Congress does insist, can we go to England and ask her to help us to make the people of America carry out the agreement? Would not England say, 'You have repudiated me, you have discriminated against me; how can you ask *me* to help you?' . . . We should be like a rabbit in

a wild cat's claw. . . If we once took the step which is proposed, we should simply be helpless in the hands of the Americans. . . . Can we ascertain that the future of the United States is assured? . . . With that anarchic element in the United States calculated to give rise to disturbance, an element no part of which exists in Canada; with the black population increasing at a ratio that menaces the future of the Republic, it would be a most monstrous thing on the part of Canada to throw in her lot with the United States. . . . The real issue, the issue under this movement" (for unrestricted reciprocity) "is—shall we take *the* step that will land Canada in the United States, and make this country part and parcel of the Republic? There is not a man of any reflection in the country who does not know that *that* is the real issue. These gentlemen come to Canada—to this young nation—and talk to her of untold wealth, of unmeasured prosperity, of delusive progress, of intoxicating dreams; and what do they ask her to do to attain all this? To shiver her solid existing prosperity, to realise aggrandisement by extinction, to live a fuller life by walking into her grave! . . . No! Canada's future is secure. She is still young, but the day of maturity is at hand, and centuries hence, when the historian shall have marked with a pen of indelible scorn the character of this movement—this playing into the hands of a rival—her heart will be strong, her life vigorous, she will go forward in ever-expanding progress, beauty's ensign purple on her lips and on her cheeks, and the day remote beyond human ken when Death's pale flag will be advanced there."

There is no doubtful sound in such words, which were received with great applause in the House, and are without doubt the expression of Canada's real sentiments.

Not content with speaking her mind regarding Jona-

than in her own halls, she sends her orators to hurl her scorn of his addresses at him in his lecture rooms of New York.

Hear what a Canadian says to an *American* audience:—

“I have no desire to hurt anybody’s feelings here, but I hope I may be allowed to say something to remove the infatuation too prevalent in the United States, that Canada favours annexation. . . . It strikes me that if senators are sincere in their effusive professions of patriotism, they could find a good deal to monopolise their genius down there in ‘Dixie’ without meddling in the politics or future of Canada. Canada minds its own business, and does not worry itself over yours, though you have coddled and dry-nursed her enemies, and when she was at peace with you, allowed a horde of your citizens to invade her. Frankly, I may say that while I believe Canada has been a fair neighbour, too often she has not found her cousin one. . . . There was a time twenty years ago when we were discontented provinces. . . . Even *then* annexation was unpopular. There had not been enough accomplished then by Canadian statesmen to make their rivals envious. . . . But can you be deceived into the belief that confederated Canada is now ‘for sale’? . . . young Canada, standing fifth on the list of nations, having more vessels than old France, Spain, Italy, or Russia.”

After describing minutely the marvellous progress which Canada has made, the prominent place she is taking, the wonderful wealth she holds, and is rapidly learning how to put to good use, the gentleman asks Jonathan:—

“Can you wonder that annexation, as a serious subject, has received its doom, and that, in spite of the intoxication

of senatorial conceit on the one side, and the croaking of a few malcontents and political tramps on the other, Canada is loyal to the mother country from whose stout old loins both of us sprang? . . . When a few obscure 'cranks' in Canada declare in favour of annexation, you think they speak the sentiment of a sober people. . . . Politically, I realise I am a foreigner here the moment I cross the line. I am at *home* when I land at Liverpool, at Glasgow, at Dublin, at Bermuda, New South Wales, Victoria, New Zealand, Jamaica, Natal, Calcutta, Barbadoes. . . . Politically, I have a share in, and am proud of, the glorious old flag. . . . England is an old and apt master in annexation. Since she lost you she has annexed colonies far greater in area and population, of far more value to her than if they were joined to her three kingdoms. . . . I need no other passport to the rights of a British subject, and the citizen of a mighty realm, than my Canadian birthright. I do not measure my national boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also from the Pacific to the Caribbean Sea. Under the reign of Victoria no Canadian need be ashamed to belong to an Empire which embraces a fifth of the habitable globe, and to know that his own Dominion forms nearly a half of the whole . . . Sharers in such a realm, heirs to such vast and varied privileges, Canadians are not 'for sale.' Canada is not to be annexed."

The speech and lecture from which I quote have been widely copied and endorsed by the Canadian press; they assuredly echo the feeling of Britannia's independent but dutiful young daughter across the pond. From the temper lately displayed by the rejected suitor, we can well imagine that he is to be finally dismissed in such words as Mrs. Browning tells us were used by another "Miss" all fancy free.

We picture fair young Canada riding away, with her

tinkling sleigh-bells making sweet accompaniment to
her fresh girlish voice, singing—

“I only know my mother's love,
Which gives all and asks nothing ;
But this new loving sets the groove
Too much the way of loathing.

Unless he gives me all in change,
I forfeit all things by him ;
The risk is terrible and strange—
I tremble, doubt—deny him !”

ABOUT THEIR FATHER'S BUSINESS.



AN Episcopalian Convocation and a Pan-Presbyterian Assembly were being held in England, and to these flocked clergymen from all parts of the world, for the purpose of bearing testimony to the sacred work going on under their charge and within their knowledge.

It happened that I came across the Atlantic in company with thirteen Fathers of the Churches. They represented many denominations, from an Anglican bishop to a Methodist lay-preacher; and—if one may judge from outward appearances—a more harmonious brotherhood could not have met in a lodge of Freemasons than that party of ministers thrown together on board ship during a stormy voyage!

They arranged services and held prayer-meetings—bishop and brother sharing the duties in a most seemly fashion.

I was told that more often than not clergymen constituted the congregation; for it was wild weather, and only those actuated by the very highest and strictest ideas of duty put in an appearance at the early morning services.

When our ship was good enough to walk the waters

more like a sea-queen and less like a drunk man reeling along the road, a goodly company gathered together on deck to join in prayer and praise to Him who holdeth the seas in the hollow of His hand. The congregation comprised some of the ship's crew and officers, as well as cabin and steerage passengers, and the service was conducted by various clergymen. On Sunday there were Sabbath ordinances, and I have seldom been more impressed with the reality of religion, its sacredness, its power, than on *that* occasion, though I was not actually present with my worshipping fellow-voyagers.

The storm was howling, the ship rocking as if she were some helpless creature in the power of a demon; there was a great din within the vessel and without. Every time the sea struck her she rolled over groaning, and there was a terrific crash of breaking crockery and tumbling boxes; while the creaking of timbers, the straining of tackle, the screeching of machinery, added their gruesome complaints to the general uproar. Every time the waves renewed their onslaught they gave out a mighty roar of derisive wrath which was echoed by the winds and re-echoed by the voice of many waters. I was lying in my berth, tired out in soul and body, and wishing for "a great calm."

In the saloon just over my head morning service, according to the English Prayer-book was going on; but the manifold confusing noises all around prevented my hearing more than a few disjointed portions. Fortunately, I know the service well enough to follow it to my own comfort.

Anyone who is familiar with the "forms of prayer to be used at sea" will readily comprehend how one's heart could be touched, soothed, and lifted up (under the circumstances I have described) by such words as these: "O Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end . . . we confess, when we have been safe, and seen all things quiet about us, we have forgot Thee, our God—but now we see how terrible Thou art in all Thy works of wonder, we adore Thy Divine Majesty, acknowledging Thy power and imploring Thy goodness. Thou, O Lord, that stillest the raging of the sea, hear, hear us!"

Presently I caught the sound of a few soft musical notes, and then a burst of song, as many human voices joined in the touching hymn—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Strangely enough there came a sort of lull when the hymn arose, and I could follow the rest of the service more easily.

There was a short sermon, eloquent and striking, and the sailor's hymn—"Eternal Father, strong to save"—

was sweetly sung before the close. I was told that other services were going on at the same time in other parts of the ship.

Before that Sunday morning there had been a good many jokes flying about regarding our "unlucky" freight of parsons.

We had been declaring, after the fashion of seafolk langsyne, that we should not have had a storm but for those anti-satanic men on board, and we had been pretending to look upon them as veritable Jonahs. But thereafter I felt I must echo the happy remark of a distinguished passenger who said, "We have been hearing a good deal about the clergy being to blame for the storm, but I am inclined to think that they have been the means of saving us from worse. It is possible we have *them* to thank in part for the fact that we are still afloat."

One evening there was a social gathering, presided over by the Governor of Jamaica, when a number of the clergymen gave us most interesting details of their work in the Western World. One gentleman—whose trenchant manner and distinct insistence upon the use of broad A and round R spoke him a Scot originally—told us with honest and pious pride that the Presbyterian Church to which he belonged was entirely self-supporting and in a most flourishing condition.

I gathered indeed (not only from what he and others said on that occasion, but from the Canadians themselves) that the Presbyterian Church is the popular one in Canada. But the Church of England is doing great

and noble work there, and, with the Roman Catholics, seems to reach the red men more easily than our brethren of kirk and chapel. This may be owing partly to the fact that a ritualistic service, which appeals to the senses, is better understood by the simple, uninstructed mind, than the less tangible form of worship which deals with the "spiritual" rather than the "outward," and necessarily calls for a higher exercise of intellectual power. Babes must be fed on milk, strong men with strong meats, and the faith which rests on things unseen may be readily grasped by an Anglo-Saxon, but will not unlikely fail to reach the soul of a Red Indian.

Enlightened minds, of course, look upon a spiritual "form" as the more simple one, and consider elaborate ritual as a kind of intricate mysticism entailing much study and weariness of the flesh; but that is not how the savage regards it, nor how he is to be taught and Christianised. He needs to a certain extent "things seen" *first*—these to lead on to the unseen God, who has prepared "meats in season" for all men.

I was very much struck by the remark of an American minister. "We parsons," he said, "fail in our object not for want of zeal or lack of power, but because we don't study the needs of different kinds of men. We manufacture a kind of medicine and administer it all round, expecting it to be a panacea for every soul. The *essence* of it is good for all, but it must be given to different folks in different ways." Something like this may explain in part the failure of certain missions and the success of others.

Acquaintance with colonial bishops rather upsets one's preconceived ideas of the sort of man who holds that rank. We are apt to associate the title with luxurious ease and dignified exemption from the cares of lesser folk; but it would be difficult to find a more perfect pattern of the energetic, hard-working clergyman than some colonial bishops—self-denying, generous, large-hearted, liberal-minded Christians—"Fine men all round," a Yankee would call them; "Meet servants of our Master," a Free Kirk minister named some of them.

There were two bishops in our "ship's company." The one, a pale elderly man, had evidently toiled long in the vineyard, and done good service there. The other was Bishop Pinkham of Saskatchewan, and I have the most pleasing recollections of his manly presence, bright face, and cheerful voice, as he moved about the ship making himself agreeable, and causing time to be agreeable too.

I should like to give, as best I can from my somewhat imperfect notes taken at the time, a little of what some of those clergymen told us of their work in the Far North-West.

Sixteen years ago Bishop Pinkham left England to cast in his lot with the Canadians. He travelled to Port Garry by a "trail" across the prairie, and was a fortnight in traversing over a district which now may be crossed in a couple of days or less.

"Port Garry" was then (so short a time ago) a little settlement of wooden buildings. It is now a

large and enterprising city, the key to the Far West, the important capital of Manitoba. It has wisely adopted a native name, in preference to that bestowed by the Hudson Bay Company, and is known to us as Winnipeg.

In the older settlements east there were, of course many clergymen doing good work; but, at that time, in the north and west, a handful of scattered missionaries, under no settled organisation, laboured with remote hope but ever-present faith. That immense diocese swept over thousands of miles, embracing our Dominion from Labrador to the Arctic Ocean, from the United States to the North Pole, and it contained about twenty Episcopal clergymen, possibly double that number of other persuasions. Verily Canada could not complain, as Scotland does, that she was "over-much parsoned" in those days that are but as yesterday.

Within the last twenty years we know that Britannia's young fair daughter of the West has gone forward by leaps and bounds, until she has taken first place among our colonies, and an important position among the nations. She may not be as wealthy as some, nor as self-asserting as others; but—in all that goes to make a solidly-prosperous, wisely-constituted Christian community—Canada bears favourable comparison with all existing peoples.

She does not seem to think it possible that she can be "over-parsoned," for where her clergyman counted by tens, she now counts them by hundreds. She is

dividing one bishop's charge among three. She is planting chapels and sending preachers where a mere handful of settlers have squatted in the wilderness. In a town of a few straggling streets and scattered shanties, containing a population of about 2000 inhabitants, I find the local paper advertising—

“Church Directory,” with details of services, Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, Pastor's meetings, Masses, Choral services (“seats free,” all are careful to add).

These notices come from Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic churches (I have given the four denominations in the order they are set forth in the paper), and seem to indicate that there is a great deal of living religion in these new provinces and much encouragement given to clergymen of all kinds.

But the work these men do is very real and arduous. One of the Presbyterian ministers, with whom I conversed on the voyage, said “the duties were very trying.” Poor man! his thin, worn-out frame and broken constitution bore pathetic testimony to his words, even if we had not been told that he had spent himself in God's service, undertaking work which less earnest men shrank from facing, and had fought a good fight against fearful odds.

The bronzed face and weather-proven person of Bishop Pinkham told that his time was not spent in ease or “under cover.” He told us of how he (or other clergymen) had often to travel through the wildest districts, in the performance of their duty, sometimes with no companion but an Indian boy; often without resting

for nights on any better couch than the earth, and with no shelter save the arching heavens; dependent for food upon the uncertain chance of passing a shanty where hospitality might or might not be found. This has all been, and may be, the experience of Canadian clergymen; and it may be well for us to keep in mind the difference between such hardships in the case of a minister and other men. The explorer, the adventurer, the emigrant, the public servant, face dangers and privations for sake of some personal advantage—personal to their individual selves, or to their country, or to their class, with hope of worldly advancement. The servants of God endure all things "for no selfish end, for no earthly reward," therefore we may well give *them* the deepest sympathy, and the most heartfelt thanks. We were told an adventure which one bishop had, that gave such a good picture of life in the wild West, that I shall try and repeat it. The bishop had promised to hold a service at a certain place on a certain evening, so he set out alone, driving a sort of dog-cart attached to a plucky little horse. He had some fifty miles to travel, and he found the "trail" in a very bad condition owing to recent rains. He was caught in a thunderstorm about noon, and altogether was in a very sorry plight before he had got over two-thirds of the way. However, he pushed on till night-fall; then, because he could not see where he was going, he landed his gig into a hole: "snap" went something, "crack" went something else, and presently the reverend gentleman found himself standing by the

side of his broken vehicle, ruefully contemplating its remains. It was of no further use, so all he could do was to mount the horse and proceed in that manner.

More owing to the "broncho's" sagacity than the man's knowledge a shanty was reached at last, and at the bishop's call a man came out.

"Well, friend!" said the new-comer, "I guess you haven't seen anything of the bishop who was coming to us this evening?—ought to have been here hours ago."

"I'm the bishop. I had a spill, and will be obliged if you can send some fellows to bring in my broken rig."

When the host was quite convinced that he was not being hoaxed, he gave the bishop hearty welcome, and then they went indoors.

The house was one large room, with a ladder in one corner leading to a sleeping loft. In another corner was the stove where the supper was in course of preparation. In a third corner crouched a prisoner, sentinelled by two stout and stern "backwoodsmen." In the fourth and last corner sat judge and jury who were to try the man for murder!

The bishop's arrival created a diversion in every one's employment, and all present shortly collected around him for service. He had a devout and attentive congregation, and we cannot doubt he would make the best of such an opportunity for preaching the Gospel of mercy and forgiveness, as well as that of divine justice.

After service came supper, at which all sat in perfect equality, and of which all partook with equal zest.

When the time for sleep came, bishop, judge, jury, prisoner, host and police scrambled up the ladder to the upper chamber, which contained a table; and one comfortable bedstead. Round the walls were berths, like, but less comfortable, than those of a ship. *The* bed was conceded to the bishop by universal suffrage; the prisoner's hands were securely bound and himself bundled into a berth. Then each man drew a loaded revolver from his pocket and laid it on the pillow of the couch he meant to occupy. This preparation for repose took the bishop somewhat by surprise. However, he followed the example. "This is my weapon; I've carried it for many years, and through all sorts of troubles, and I have found it enough for every purpose," said the worthy man, and he laid on his pillow a little Bible.

He slept soundly that night, notwithstanding the possibility of finding himself in the middle of a promiscuous fight in the dark hours.

When he got up his companions had flitted noiselessly away. His gig was mended, and the kindly host was beaming over a bountiful breakfast table. The bishop was cordially thanked for the "acceptable words" spoken on the previous evening; and when he rode away, escorted by a young farmer, he was heartily invited to return soon—which I have no doubt he did.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada is a very flourishing institution. It is entirely self supporting. It sends forth its missionaries to the most remote parts of the Dominion. It sends home to Scotland for "the

pick" of our clergy, and pays them handsomely for their services. Whenever it appeals to the people for money the dollars respond freely. It dwells in harmony with the other Churches, but is not backward in proclaiming its own creed. One of the leading clergymen of Montreal (perhaps I should call him the first of that body, as he was one of the best of our Edinburgh men) spoke very highly of the French-Canadian Roman Catholics. He finds them a law-abiding, kindly, and prudent people. "We get along capitally with them," he told me. But tolerance is evidently a Western virtue, and our British clergymen are learning in Canada to practise it.

We cannot doubt that the labours of such men as Bishop Pinkham and Mr. Barclay are being largely blessed throughout the Dominion.

It is a land and a people upon which the "blessing that maketh rich" evidently lies; and we do not speak without warrant when we say that God honours the nation which honours Him.

Has He not declared, "If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord . . . thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth"?

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

HOMeward BOUND.

EVIDENTLY Canada looks upon its Far West as a bourne from which no traveller should return, for the fares going east are three times as much as those going west!

Also, return-tickets are not given to second-class passengers outward-bound (from Britain), but they are to folks going east.

The almost nominal charges made for carrying emigrants west by the C. P. R. show how urgent is the need for settlers, and how anxious the Canadian Government is to forward them.

I did not realise how much one gets for one's money until I began to count up the thousands of miles over which I had been borne for a few pounds.

Going out west I had, of set purpose, travelled with the party of Scottish emigrants who had sailed with me from Glasgow. I had not shared their experience altogether—though viewing it—in the ship, as my cabin was off the saloon where the officers were located; but I wished to travel *as an intending colonist* on the C. P. R., so that my experience on the railway might be that of any emigrant.

Returning home I had no end to serve by "roughing it," therefore availed myself of official courtesy to the full; and a note from the C. P. R. agent to conductors stating that I was a lady travelling alone ensured me every attention *en route*.

These conductors are big bosses in their way. They are changed frequently along the line; but from all to whom I showed Mr. Fowler's note I received the same courteous attention, and I should as soon have thought of "tipping" the captain of a ship as of rewarding with coin of the realm any one of those gentleman-like conductors.

When the train reaches a station there is no troop of porters ready to open the car door and carry your baggage for you. I believe there *are* some men on the spot for such service, but I could not tell them from other people, and no one of them did I see offering to assist.

Each man in the car takes up his own traps, and those of any lady he sees without an escort and with burdened hands.

Every gentleman is on the alert to aid a woman. I chanced to be the only lady in one car for a great part of the way, and I certainly wished there were a woman's compartment, notwithstanding the perfect civility of my fellow-travellers.

It must take a long time to accustom one to the out-of-door, all-overboard style of life on the C. P. R.

Although I had much enjoyed my short visit to the prairies, I had been "on the move" all the time, and

was very much fatigued ; but could not spare time to rest for even one night by the way on the homeward journey. I did not find it possible to sleep much in the cars, and after two days and nights on the railway I almost collapsed. Indeed, I should have been left more dead than alive at a little wayside station at daybreak one morning but for the kindness of a fellow-traveller.

We had to change carriages, and I could only crawl out of my place and drop exhausted on a bench, too ill to think or act. A gentleman, who had more than once carried my rugs and lent me a newspaper on the previous two days, seeing my condition, came to my assistance. From some unknown region he scared up somebody who made tea. He made me have some, and afterwards said, "Just rest here, and I'll come for you when the train arrives." So I lay on a bench half-unconscious for some time. By-and-by my friend came and conveyed me and my belongings into the train, and I think it helped to strengthen me for the rest of the journey to know that there was some one near who would look after me.

One of the passengers was a young farmer from Portage la Prairie. He had been out from England a few years, and had done well. But he lost his wife after a brief illness, so sold his farm, and was taking home to his friends his little boy of fifteen months old.

It was very touching to see his tender care of the baby. No mother could have tended it more deftly,

and "Da-da" was the child's one idea. It caressed and bullied him by turns.

I said to him, "I suppose you are thoroughly disheartened, and will not return to Canada?"

"It is the will of God, and I must—must," was the manful reply. "I've had a sore pull-down, I own, but I'll go back and begin again. I could not take to the old country life after Canada, and it would not be right of me to give in."

He said that Manitoba and "all round there" is a "splendid country, let folk say what they will against it." It only needs people to work it.

He had sold his farm with some advantage, and, in spite of the great trial he had so recently come through, he could speak with hope and trust of "beginning again in Canada."

I thought, as I looked at his muscular frame and honest English face, and heard his manly words so full of Christian faith and courage—I thought, "*There* is the stuff out of which heroic nations are made."

Another of my fellow-travellers had come from Vancouver, and was enthusiastic regarding the future of British Columbia. The value of land there had risen immensely, he said, within a few months, and it is thought that our western limit will be the most valuable territory in the Dominion ere long. Numbers of people are "working" British Columbia upon a co-operative system, which struck me as the most sensible plan possible, and many persons said, when I talked about it, "*That* is how all emigrants should set about

colonising here. Folk can't get along single-handed and poor."

Everywhere one comes upon traces of men having gone, single-handed, to reclaim the wilderness and the forest, and having been unequal to the struggle. Man, being a gregarious animal, works "in company" with ten times the hope and power that he exerts when alone; and it needs no entering into detail to show at once how combined effort must overcome difficulties in such a case as that of colonists squatting upon new ground.

One group at a railway station interested me very much. It consisted of four red men, a French-Canadian priest, some half-caste and Indian women, and a negro dressed in black coat, "tile," and white tie—evidently a preacher or missionary of some denomination.

The priest was talking quietly with some of the Indians, and I saw something which may have been coin of the realm pass from his hand to theirs. I noticed that he shook hands with each one in a grave but kindly way.

The negro was very effusive and friendly in manner, shaking hands and distributing tracts, and grinning in the most amiable and Christian manner.

There was a look of good-humoured tolerance on the faces of the half-breeds and Indians when he addressed them; and, with one exception, they shook hands with him as readily as they had done with the priest.

The exception was a young Indian tall, handsome,

grave—quite the Red Man of romance, and, I must own, the *only* red man I saw who did not look a poor, cringing, debased creature. He leaned against a stack of wood, with his arms folded in his blanket, and a smile of most utter contempt on his face, as he watched the kindly nigger “fussing around.” This “Last of the Mohicans” merely turned his shoulder, and curled his lip, but never moved a finger when the negro missionary held out his hand.

With great good sense and tact, the latter, observing the significant and not complimentary gesture of his red brother, stretched across him to the next man, who cordially enough exchanged tokens of good fellowship.

I imagine that our Canadian brothers take much more kindly to the Indian than to the negro; and certainly the Indian “chums” readily enough with the European, but despises the African.

In the fusing of races which is proceeding so rapidly throughout the American continent, we shall soon find the red man absorbed in the white, while the black will remain, like the “heathen Chinees,” a troublesome alien.

No amount of fatigue could prevent me from enjoying the beautiful scenery through which we passed, the glorious clear fresh air and sunshine, the clouds of radiant butterflies, the delicious fruit. All these were things to be grateful for, and I was grateful.

I continued to find that the less a woman tries to do for herself along the C. P. R. the better she gets on.

The self-asserting female who travels alone is too apt to be guided by visionary ideas as to what the rules of the road *should* be. She is addicted to vehement declaration of her opinions, and wilful blindness to the regulations laid down for travellers. Consequence, she gets into trouble, and of course blames the much-abused officials.

A person who knows little of Canada and its ways, is most wise to leave herself in the official hands. Once or twice I ventured to think and act for myself, and made a mess of it. If you are passive and inane, you are looked after as if you were a parcel of goods marked "to be forwarded immediately with care."

I have already spoken of the handsomely-uniformed and gentlemanly conductors and Government agents.

The transport-men (sort of clerky porters) are a race of benevolent philanthropists, who take bewildered passengers in charge, conduct them to hotels and lodgings, see after their luggage, examine their tickets, and set right any mistakes that may have arisen through the passengers' idiotic attempts to "do" for themselves.

A transport-man, of Irish birth, and named Michael Benn, shall long have a place in my grateful recollection for the way in which he watched over my safety during the two days I spent in Quebec.

Through my own stupidity I took up my abode in a hotel where nobody spoke English, and as my French was of the most limited kind, I was not comfortable; but I was too tired and frightened to go elsewhere.

There was another forlorn woman at the same hotel,

who had come from the States and was going to Vancouver, and over her also did Michael Benn mount guard. She had got into a hopeless muddle over her tickets and route, but our transport-man put all right for her. Again and again he dropped into the hotel, as if he had nothing else in the world to do but see after us; and his gentle, respectful words of cheer comforted the poor little Yankee as much as they encouraged me.

As I was returning to the hotel from the Allan Line office I met a Custom-house officer who, on my way out, had given me a great deal of information, and had shown me, among other things, an admirable establishment on the quay, where emigrants can have a comfortable bed, &c., for one shilling, and a very good meal for one shilling!

From this gentleman I learned that the Government employs a lady to come down to the quay and meet the British ships. If any friendless women are landed—and many are—who do not have any fixed destination, or are in doubt of any kind, this lady's duty is to direct them, to help them, to take them to a Home provided for the purpose, if need be. I saw this lady, and heard her explaining to some girls about changing their English money for Canadian, and so on. I had some conversation with one of these lady-agents at another time, and I was assured that girls going out to Canada alone will find friends of their own sex at hand to help—nay, more than help, to give Christian counsel and motherly advice.

Blessings on the best of transport-men! In good

time, without bidding of mine, Michael Benn came and conveyed me to the *Sarmatian*, and I felt guilty of ingratitude in being so glad to have done with him and the C. P. R. Yes, even the luxury of a sleeping-car could not give me the exaltation of spirit which I felt when I found myself on board ship once more, the sea heaving beneath me and my face set to the rising sun. Not the fairest landscape upon earth was, after all, so dear and fair to my sight as the face of the ocean.

It had not been possible for me to "bespeak" a passage, and as the *Sarmatian* is a popular favourite, I had some difficulty in securing a berth. But it was done, and I was comfortably located with an agreeable English lady who wiled away many hours by relating stories of ranche-life. She had been spending a year with her boys somewhere among the Rockies—I forget now the exact locality.

Our cabin was amidships and lighted artificially. It was therefore badly "aired," and as I was—not seasick so much as ill, from fatigue and over-excitement, I found my chief pleasure in lying outside the cabin under the windlass, rolled up in rugs, for a great part of the time. I would gladly have exchanged the luxurious "table" of the *Sarmatian* for my delightful cabin in the *Norwegian*.

Our passengers homeward-bound were of a different caste from those going out. There were the governor of Jamaica, the "Wimbledon Team" from Canada, with Yankees and ladies galore. There were thirteen

clergymen on board, among these the Bishops of Oregon and Saskatchewan. The latter gave us some most amusing as well as interesting information regarding life in the North-West.

He is an energetic, practical man, full of "go" and purpose; and he has been greatly influential in securing educational advantages for that part of Canada. The Bishop's visit to England has greatly helped to bring his immense diocese before public notice in this country and create a new interest in the North-West.

He has very much at heart the well-being of his Indian flock. There was no "clerical sentimentalism" in what he said of the good-feeling, the Christianity, the intelligence of the Red Indians. His words were earnest, warm, kind, and manly. His fine, frank face, bronzed by the weather, his strong frame, his persuasive voice, all told that the Bishop of Saskatchewan goes about his Father's business after a practical and pleasant manner.

The *Sarmatian* is a fine vessel, very complete and luxurious throughout. By the courtesy of her purser I made a tour of the ship, inspecting everything that seemed interesting, or that my feminine brains could comprehend.

The store-closets filled me with amazement as much as the machinery. The kitchen department was a thing to study! The order and cleanliness worthy of highest praise. Her "ship's company" number, officers included, about 120 souls. She is not one of the

largest, but she is one of the best of the company's vessels.

The Allan Line was the first, and is still the most important of all those "Lines" which now stretch between our shores and America, making swift and safe for us the oceanway, and binding in bonds of brotherhood the peoples of two widely different hemispheres.

Deservedly the name of Allan is a word to conjure with in Canada; and it is to be hoped that a company which keeps so well the best traditions of its name, who tries to uphold temperance and all morality among its employees, may long continue to keep the high position it now occupies.

It may be interesting here to give the *Scotsman's* interesting narrative of this company's rise—

"The firm was founded by Captain Alexander Allan, an Ayrshire shipmaster, who in the *Jean*, the first Allan Liner, carried stores and cattle to Portugal for Wellington's army.

"After Wellington's brilliant victory at Waterloo had in 1815 restored peace to distracted Europe, Captain Allan began to run his vessel between the Clyde and Canada, a connection which has been maintained unbroken to this day. Captain Allan prospered greatly, and ship after ship was added to his fleet. Till 1837 the ships traded between Greenock and Montreal, but in that year, owing to the deepening of the Clyde to a draft of 15 feet, Allan's vessels began to come to Glasgow, and had continued to do so ever since.

"In 1853 the 'Allan' Brotherhood, the father having retired, went in for steamers when they undertook to carry the Canadian mails from Liverpool.

"In 1862 a fortnightly service between Glasgow and Montreal was started, and in 1871 it was made weekly. In the same year the mail service from Liverpool to Newfoundland, Halifax, and Baltimore was commenced; in 1876 that to Uruguay and the great Argentine Republic. In 1879 that to Boston, and in 1884 that to Philadelphia. In the latter year, also, the Line provided a service between London and Canada. To build up and maintain all these services required the display of no ordinary energy, skill, enterprise and administrative ability, and these had not been lacking.

"Aided by such men as Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, whose eminence as a shipowner was again recognised by his election as President of the Chamber of Shipping of the whole kingdom, the Allans have all along kept well abreast of the times.

"They had no complete record of the vessels built and purchased, but they had a note of forty-seven sailing and fifty-six steamships, of a tonnage of about 200,000 tons, representing a money investment of over four million pounds sterling. At present the Line consists of forty vessels, of a tonnage of about 120,000 tons—the largest and one of the best conducted private shipowning concerns in the world.

"During the past ten years the vessels of the Line have carried in safety to and from America about half a million passengers, or about 50,000 a year; while the

cargoes they carried during the same period aggregated many millions of tons. At Glasgow during the past year they had over 200 sailings and arrivals, an average of four per week; they loaded and discharged about 400,000 tons of coal and cargo; they paid to the Clyde Trust over £27,000 of dues or about 10 per cent. of the Trust's whole revenue; and they disbursed in wages over £1000 per week.

"These facts enable us to form some idea of the magnitude of the business with which they are concerned.

"The Allan Line seems to be renewing its youth, and to be displaying in these later years even more energy than of yore. The 'Allan' firm still possesses in an eminent degree the pluck, prudence, and perseverance of the founder of the Line; and to these qualities they add a vast experience and a great capital; so that even in the strong and daily increasing competition of the shipping trade one has full confidence that the 'Allan Line' will at least be able to hold its own."

I am sure the passengers who benefit by the enterprise of this firm can echo the note of praise in the words I have just quoted, and will believe that "there's luck with the Allan Line."

I do not know whether the *Sarmatian*, or the sea, or the clergy, were most to blame for the "rocking home to merry England" which I received. I certainly had cause to wish many times that Britannia would rule the waves a little more gently.

But notwithstanding the storm, I still felt that a long voyage is better spent in a ship than in a railway

car, and I have little doubt that many Britishers who cross the continent of North America will prefer to do so by the Lake routes, where splendid vessels carry one over inland seas amid the most magnificent scenery.

I may mention here an interesting fact (and one I am proud to repeat) that a great many of the Lake steamers, belonging to the States as well as Canada, are commanded by Orkney and Shetland men—the sons of the old Norse sea-kings, true to the instinct of the blood which has come to *them* less “mixed” than we find it in any other Britons.

There are not many vessels belonging to Britain which do not carry one of my countrymen as part of her crew ; and this same instinct of blood may explain and excuse my preference for a “sea-rover” before a “C. P. R.”

The Norse settler in Canada will have many of his hereditary tastes gratified, for the Dominion holds amid the hollows of her magnificent mountains, and upon the bosom of her vast prairies, inland seas as grand and wild as those which girdle the shores of Scandinavia.

But I am on British soil again, and my Canadian experience seems now like a beautiful dream.

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